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AN AMERICAN FIGHTER'S AMAZING TRUE ADVENTURES

ARCH 17,
1934

Liberty

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BY SENATOR DUNCAN U. FLETCHER

Leslie Thrasher

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NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES...NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

Is Trotsky Wrong About Japan?

An Alarming Contradiction of His Much Discussed "Suicide" Forecast in Liberty

By UPTON CLOSE

(Reading time: 4 minutes 5 seconds.)

WILL Japan Commit Suicide? asks Leon Trotsky, once head of the Soviet armies that are now convinced they must engage in supreme test with the rising empire of the yellow race by spring. The United States is second in nearness to that volcano of Asia; therefore no article has caused wider comment than Trotsky's in Liberty.

If war with Japan, involving America, must come, I hope all Japan's elements of weakness dramatically pointed out by Trotsky will operate in our favor. But his article may be disastrously misleading to Americans. I know. I have just returned from my eighth tour of observation in the Orient to appear before audiences from the Pacific to the Atlantic. By hundreds they ask: "If Trotsky is right, then there isn't much danger from Japan, is there?"

Upton Close's The Revolt of Asia, the most challenging book of recent years on the Far East, was the fruit of long, strenuous experience in China, Japan, and Siberia. He has been a U. S. investigator, has held a Chinese official post, is a notable explorer. His real name is Josef Washington Hall.

Trotsky's conclusions are those of the intent scholar of Japan who has never been in Japan, who has not read the industrial statistics of the past two years, and who is mentally hidebound by a psychology peculiarly Russian-Marxist. When he led his armies, the world said Russia was "committing suicide." But today Russia is stronger than before. Imperial Japan, as imperial Russia did, will go to war. If her war lords fail, a communist revolution will sweep her. That will not be suicide. It will be her "way out." She will be burned, it is true. So will we and Russia. Such fires do not annihilate a nation. They merely reorientate it.

In Russia the philosophy of those at the very top of the state was: "After us the deluge." But behind Japan's militarist war clique are men who think beyond its imperialism. These are the men who are keeping the top Japanese communists in "cold storage," some here in America, for use when and if war with the United States and Russia fails. Then Japan would become part of the Soviet system, and Russia and Japan would support communism to victory in China.

For Japanese have no fundamental objection to communism. In fact, they are more inclined toward it than toward capitalism. There are no sacred individual property rights in Japan. All property was redistributed as late as 1869; it remains legally the property of the emperor, which means, in the ultimate, the nation. The military themselves would love to dispossess the "big five" who own all industry as they then dispossessed the feudal lords; meanwhile they use the capitalists' tools. Japan's J. P. Morgan, Baron Dan, was assassinated on the recent rise to power of the military, to show the capitalists where they stand.

Such is the spiritual resource of Japan. Her every resource will be put behind her present imperial scheme. When that fails the nation will turn to the next bet. There are no Japanese who are for communism, or capitalism, or their own interests, or group revenge more than they are *for Japan*. Trotsky mistakenly banks on revolution in Japan.

Materially, Trotsky is as out of date about Japan as one would be discussing Russia's equipment on the basis of statistics of 1925, before the first Five-Year Plan. So are most Americans. Doesn't Trotsky know that Japan has built as much heavy industry in the last two years as Russia in her widely advertised five; that her industrial and commercial growth is the most rapid ever registered by a nation since the machine age began; that this year she produced more piece-goods yardage than Great Britain—hitherto first—and rayon yardage second only to the U. S. A.; that she has become one of the great chemical and war materials producing nations; that in electrical and many other kinds of machinery she is capturing the markets of Latin America under our nose; that she has taken 30 per cent of Britain's trade from her in her own India; that in April last she had 8 per cent of the trade in our Philippines, and by October 34 per cent thereof; that she at present has ten government-supported sales missions traveling in Latin America, the Near East, Africa, and Asia; that her goods are now good and production and sales are standardized and apportioned out by the government—in short, that she is wiping the white nations off the seas commercially?

Nations rise fast these days. Woe to him who talks from even last year's statistics!

Above all, Trotsky ought to escape the fallacy that only with "money" can nations rise to power or fight wars. That could be forgiven in a mercenary capitalist writer, but not in the man who helped to build the Soviet power without money.

No history-changing movement started with a Rockefeller Foundation or Bank of England. What you need for empire building today is a population so devoted to an objective that it will work or die as told, food enough to ration it, and raw materials to feed the machines.

These Japan now has within her grasp.

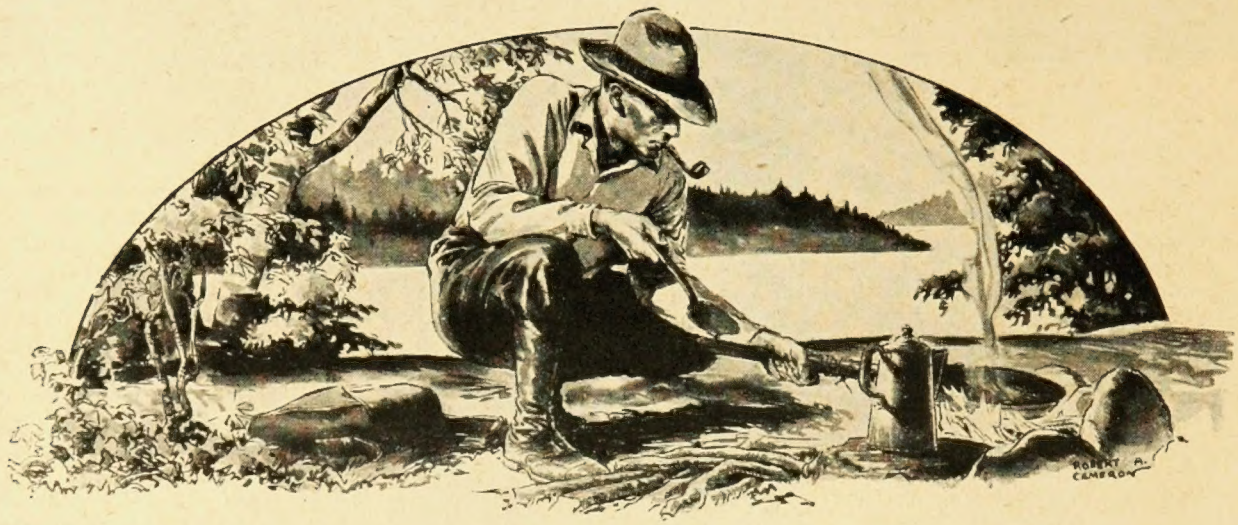
THE END

MARCH 17, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 11

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

RANK SELFISHNESS—BLATANT GREED OUR GREATEST FAULT



THE depression brought gloom and despair to millions of our people. Literally millions were compelled to go hungry; others were forced to stint themselves to the bare necessities.

But the large majority of our citizens were eating more than was good for them and continue to enjoy what would be called the ordinary comforts.

They may have had to deprive themselves of some of the luxuries, but the general despondency that was broadcast with a withering hand affected everybody alike and, excepting those who have suffered lack of food or crude comforts of life, there was no real suffering—outside of a shriveled pocketbook.

Money means entirely too much in our lives. It is greatly overvalued. Its power and influence have been viewed through a magnifying glass and the suffering we endured during the depression was occasioned mostly by forebodings for the future.

During the business boom our wants were multiplied. We spent liberally. What we call our status of living was raised to heights before unknown.

And then came the depression. We had to reduce our expenditures, and monumental difficulties are associated with such a problem. We can increase our disbursements with ease, but to reduce them is often a terrifying task.

Now, an analysis of the calamity that befell us clearly indicates that it is solely a money problem. The status of living of practically all our people, outside of the victims of unemployment, was far above what it was a generation or two ago. We can live, and live comfortably, regardless of the amount of our income. In some parts of this country families are being reared on ten or fifteen dollars a week —and there are fathers of other families who are earning a hundred dollars or more per week who are bitterly complaining.

It is all a matter of keeping up with the Joneses, to be able to take what you call your place in society.

We have been depending entirely too much upon the dollar; upon a certain stated income, upon what we consider necessary for our comfort, in which many luxuries are usually included.

Where does the average city man, for example, find the most real enjoyment? When he can get out in the country and live in a tent, do his own cooking, get away from conventional frills and furbelows.

And you do not have to go into the country to live simply and wholesomely. It can be accomplished in a large city with reasonable efforts. You may have to keep away from many so-called friends, but that will not be difficult. They will keep away from you if you are minus cash for their entertainment.

We should adjust our lives to our income. The writer has lived on three dollars a week, and he has spent up into the hundreds per week; but that which is necessary to make life worth while has been influenced but little by income and outgo.

The one particular requirement to happiness is a feeling of well-being that comes with good health, the product of simple inexpensive dieting and wholesome living generally. The amount of food necessary to good health can be supplied for fifty cents or a dollar a week in dire emergencies, and nine out of ten of our ailing citizens would recover their lost health if they could be compelled to diet themselves.

Get down to "brass tacks" and live under your income, no matter how small. That is the problem that every American should solve at this time.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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Published weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1934, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy. $2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year.

"Like most terrible things, pyorrhea seemed very far away, (*from me personally*)"

MANY PEOPLE "knowall about" pyorrhea. It is a disease *some other* men and women have! It seems very far away from their own lives. Their own teeth are brushed and cleaned so carefully!

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Beginning

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An Anonymous Hollywood Saga

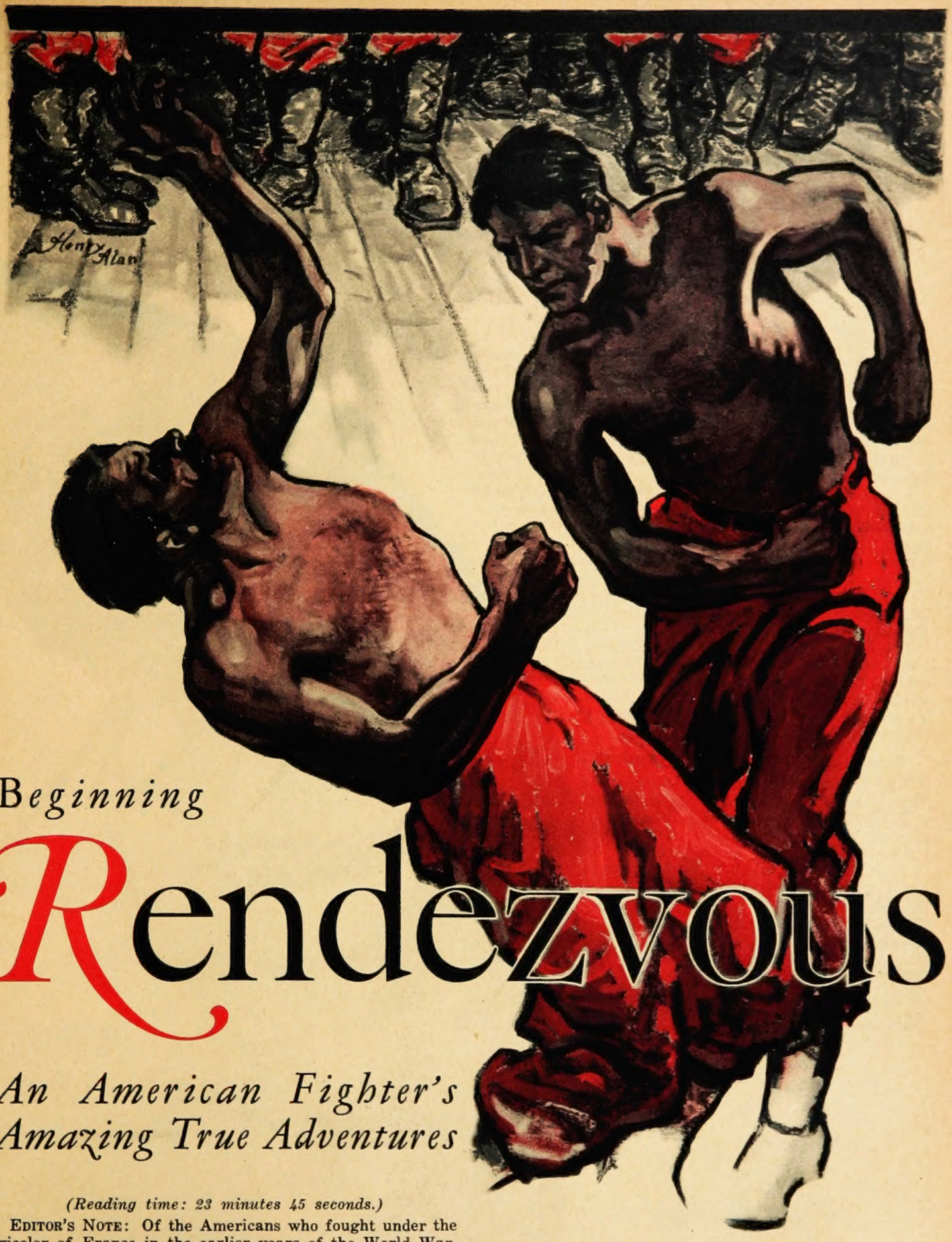
Will Japan Seize Alaska?

By

Senator Arthur R. Robinson

Member of the Senate Committees on Foreign Relations and Territories and Insular Affairs

Other stories and articles by
John Castle Hunt—Richard Connell—Konrad Bercovici—
Dorothy Day—and others



Beginning

Rendezvous

An American Fighter's Amazing True Adventures

(Reading time: 23 minutes 45 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Of the Americans who fought under the tricolor of France in the earlier years of the World War, none is rated higher by his comrades than Edgar Bouligny of New Orleans.

One distinguished comrade of those years, Paul Rockwell, has termed him " the ace of the Legion," and it is to him that Rockwell's book, American Fighters in the Foreign Legion,

My knees were wabbly and my head in a fog, but I staggered up, made a wild pivot, and caught my opponent on the point of the jaw.

By Edgar Bouligny *as told to* William Robertson

is dedicated. Even before 1914 Bouligny's life was a series of adventures. At twelve he tried to run away from home to the Boer War. At fifteen he tried again, this time to reach Mexico and prospect for gold; he beat his way as far as San Antonio and Laredo. In the following ten years successive seizures of *Wanderlust* sent him hither and yon, by land and sea, about the entire Western Hemisphere. Between jaunts he served two enlistments in the United States army, one in the coast artillery where he gained a sergeant's chevrons.

It happened that he was home when the war broke out in Europe. Here was a young adventurer's great chance—if only he could manage to join up with the romantic Foreign Legion! On August 6, 1914, the French consul at New Orleans booked him and gave him transportation. "The war was to be over," he said later, "before I realized that I was the first American to volunteer, for no Americans were accepted knowingly by the French until August 21."

Passing himself off as a French reservist, he sailed from New York on the 12th. His chief anxiety was due to the fact that he had no *livret militaire*—the little book a real French reservist would have—to show to the authorities when he landed.

Part One—Stepsons of France

SAVE for two French torpedo boats we saw in the English Channel, there was not a sign of war on the journey across. We sailed into Le Havre on August 21. As the Rochambeau warped into the dock we were struck by the deserted appearance of the place. The welcoming bands and the fluttering kerchiefs of pretty French girls we had anticipated—where were they? The only persons we saw were anxious and white-faced. Streams of wounded had been coming in from Belgium.

I was in a quandary what to do. Visions of being turned back as an impostor wove through my mind. Noting my confusion, a gendarme tapped me on the shoulder.

"Where's your *livret militaire?*" he demanded.

"I have none," I replied.

"Report to the military depot," he ordered impassively.

The Second Legion took its first prisoner. "Kamerad! Please spare my life!"—and a tattered figure shot up like a jack-in-the-box.

Entering a venerable stone building, I fell in line. "Who are you?" asked a major when my turn came.

"An American of French descent," I replied. Luck was with me, for that very day the French army had begun accepting American enlistments for the Foreign Legion.

"Good, I'll look you over. Step over here and strip."

I was bronzed and as hard as a dock walloper. A squint at my tongue, a few seconds of listening to my heart—then, "Where did you get all those muscles? Are you a pugilist?"

"I have boxed a little in America for fun," I replied.

"*Bien!* I wish all our young men were big and strong. You should make a good Legionnaire." He handed me a certificate and directed me to the military barracks. I left with a sigh of relief, realizing I was booked for the unit of my dreams—the Foreign Legion.

Four more days in the bleak barracks—then, on the night of August 25, we got orders to entrain. Paris-bound at last, I thought—and I found Rouen was our destination.

Well, anyhow, I would meet up with the picturesque Legion of my dreams.

At Rouen throngs were coming and going in the depot. But there was no gaping crowd, no bands, no spahis, Legionnaires, or other gayly uniformed outfits. What a gyp for an American who had expected to drop into a mass of military color and an atmosphere of hip, hip, hooray!

In a school building to which we were directed a French commandant, not a Legionnaire, took our transportation orders and enlistment papers and directed us into a large auditorium. The place was rather dimly lighted and the floor was covered with straw on which lay some 300 men, many of them American volunteers just enlisted and arrived from Paris.

By chance, the first American I met was a former West Pointer and a veteran of Villa's army. "I'm Charles Sweeney of Spokane, Washington," he said, raising his tall lanky figure out of the straw

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
HENRY ALAN

and extending his hand. "We've a fine bunch of Americans here and we're tickled to death to have you with us. This is Dennis Dowd of New York."

A gentle-spoken, well set-up young man of about my own age arose and shook hands. He was a graduate of Georgetown and of the Columbia Law School.

Fred Zinn of Grand Rapids, who had been touring Europe when the European powder train was lighted, ceased polishing his spectacles on a corner of his newspaper, cocked his ever-present pipe in the corner of his mouth, and greeted me warmly.

"And here's our silent partner," said Sweeney. A smooth-shaven, slender chap, so tall that he dwarfed my six feet, extended a cordial hand.

Already he was achieving some fame as a poet. His name was Alan Seeger.

Next in the "receiving line" was Jack Casey of San Francisco, a lively young Irishman who had been meeting with real success in the field of art.

"And here's another Southern product," Sweeney said, touching a coal-black human mountain. Bob Scanlon, Negro boxer of Mobile, Alabama, grinned. With him was Bob Percy, a mulatto from Mississippi who had given up his trade of barber to go to France with Jack Johnson's stable of colored boxers.

"We also have a doctor in our collection," Sweeney continued, presenting Dr. Rudolph Van Vorst of Cincinnati, who preferred a rifle and bayonet to the medical service.

At five in the morning we were routed out of the straw. Again I was sent before the commandant, who assigned me to a section made up chiefly of British subjects.

Something of a thrill went through the gang when the word came that our uniforms were ready. Our disappointment can be imagined, however, when instead of red pants and blue coats each of us was handed a *bourgeron*, or jumpers, which were supposed to be white but had been left filthy by previous occupants.

We were marched out for a brisk four-mile hike. Everybody came back feeling that such training was a snap. What an awakening was in store for the optimists!

Later we would be hiking around thirty miles a day with 100-pound packs on our backs, wearing the coarse army shoes and, in lieu of socks, *chaussettes de Russe*, a strip of cloth wrapped around the foot and turned back at the toes, not so bad if you knew how to put them on, but the devil on the march if they happen to slip, as they often did.

Returning from our jaunt dusty and dirty, Sweeney and I decided we must have a bath. There was a hose in the rear of the school. We tossed off our jumpers and turned the cold water on each other.

The operation brought a swarm of gesticulating protesting foreigners. "They're drunk!" cried a voice of mingled envy and alarm. "Stop them or they'll be thrown into *boîte* [prison]." Three or four well meaning Balkanese shouted in bad French that death was the inevitable outcome of such madness, and the consensus of opinion was that we were hopelessly insane.

AFTER two more days the commander received word that the German wedge was being driven deeply through Belgium into the heart of France. The volunteers were to be rushed at once to Toulouse. There Americans whom I had not met at Rouen came looking me up.

First to greet me were the Rockwell brothers, Paul and Kiffin. Born of a fine Georgia family, descendants of a signer of the Declaration of Independence and American to the core, they had followed an urge which came from an old French Huguenot strain and written to the French consul in New Orleans offering their services on August 3, the very day that I had palmed myself off as a reservist. Not receiving a prompt reply, they had boarded a train for New York and sailed for France to enlist.

Their loyalty to the French cause was awe-inspiring. Since childhood they had felt America had never been duly appreciative of the assistance rendered our country by Lafayette and Rochambeau, and they had crossed the Atlantic to help repay the obligation.

Today Kiffin sleeps in a hero's grave on a mountain side in Alsace where his shattered airplane fell. Paul, a

soldier of limitless courage, is now one of the outstanding American citizens of Paris. Wounded during a heroic charge while serving in the Legion, he was awarded the Croix de Guerre and the Cross of the Legion of Honor, was invalided out of the service, and became an official war correspondent. During his period of inactivity he rendered a service to the Legion for which his comrades will forever feel grateful. Never while there was a dollar in Paul's pocket would a Legionnaire be in need financially. In 1925, during the Riff war in Morocco, he was to pay again on America's debt by serving as a captain of aviation.

Orders had been given to whip us into shape with the utmost speed. We were sorely needed. At the outset we were taken on a march that must have been eleven miles, and much of it was at the double. The boys who had laughed at the four-mile jaunt at Rouen changed their tune. The second day's hike was even more severe.

That night a band, above which arose hundreds of singing voices, awakened me from the deep sleep of weariness. The section room was astir and my comrades were scuffling for places at the barrack windows.

LOOKING down, we saw the area was ablaze with color. Several hundred veteran Legionnaires from Africa were marching in. Their dark-blue greatcoats held in by broad blue sashes around their waists, their white tropical trousers, their highly polished black shoes and black leather leggings, their rifles and side arms gleaming like silver in the dawn, their famous banner bearing the motto "Valor and Discipline" flying, they presented a startling contrast to our rabble.

"Nous sommes soldats de la Légion,
La Légion Etrangère—"

"We are soldiers of the Legion, the Foreign Legion—" It was the famous marching song they were singing, and their voices rang out melodious and strong.

Our hearts thumped in unison with the drumbeats. Here at last was the Legion of our dreams, the most romantic military organization in all history, and we would be a part of it! Life was worth living again.

But another thrill was in store for me. At the assembly some *anciens* (veterans) were "seeded" into our ranks. A snappy little *sous-lieutenant* called for those with previous military experience to step forward.

He noted my name and length of service in the United States army. "You will report to the commandant immediately after assembly," he said.

I presented myself as directed in approved army style. The commandant wanted to be sure that my service had been with the regulars. When I exhibited my enlistment papers showing that it had been and that I had been a sergeant, he exclaimed, "You look like a soldier and speak good French! I believe you will make a good corporal. We will try you for a week." He smiled cordially and made a gesture that indicated the interview was over.

I saluted proudly and about-faced.

Sweeney and Edward Morlae of Los Angeles, a veteran of the Spanish-American War and a former sailor, followed me before the commandant. But, while both understood French fairly well, they were rejected for promotion because they could not speak it.

The French manual, which I studied industriously, differed little from that of the American army, and in a few days I was thrilled to have the *sous-lieutenant* observe that my squad seemed to be getting on nicely. At last my probation period expired. Announced in the orders of the day as we stood in the customary hollow square at assembly was the pleasant news that "Edgar Bouligny is advanced to the rank of corporal in the Second Company, Battalion C."

I sewed the two red stripes on my sleeve. My promotion delighted the Americans, as I was the first of them to get such recognition.

Sweeney was a fair boxer and as rangy as a giraffe. That evening we sparred before a ring of comrades. A former Paris apache, big and rawboned, was heard to sneer, "Bah! These Americans know nothing about fighting!"

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"Hear that, Bouligny?" Kiffin Rockwell shouted. "Will you take him on?"

It was a big order after the drudgery of the day. But it had to be done. I nodded.

"*Bien!* I'll prove it!" the apache said. "Just wait a minute." He darted into the barracks and returned wearing soft slippers instead of his army brogans.

For a moment he danced and fiddled about, keeping at a safe distance. Then a battering-ram seemed to let go. Every tooth felt as if it had been knocked out and I dropped to my knees. The apache had introduced me to *la savate* by landing flush on my mouth with his right foot. My knees were wabbly and my head in a fog, but I staggered upright, made a wild pivot, and caught my opponent on the point of the jaw. He dropped cold.

From that time on *la savate* was a joke in the *Deuxième Etrangère*. And I had gained more respect from the *anciens* than my two red stripes would ever command.

Between 5 and 9 P. M. we had the privilege of going up to town, provided we could pass inspection. Zinn, Nilson, and I strolled up to the railroad depot.

An unusually large crowd, mostly women and old men, had gathered.

"Look, here they come!" some one shouted. Debarking from a train was a section of territorials. Under direction of a lieutenant, they formed a double line between which a hundred miserable Germans in gray-green uniforms or remnants of them goose-stepped dejectedly.

"Brigands! Boches! Demons!" One who has never heard a French mob of both sexes sound the clarion can hardly imagine how much vigor was put into those epithets.

The rush started. Well up in front, we Legionnaires were carried along in the surge.

"Baby killers! Poisoners! Scratch their eyes out!" Hysterical women outdid the men in maledictions.

The lieutenant spotted us. "Here, Legionnaires!" he shouted. "Fall in and help protect these prisoners!"

We got in just in time for the fireworks. An earthen bottle whizzed and carried away Zinn's pipe, leaving the stem in his teeth. Eggs, decayed vegetables, stones filled the air. One poor devil of a Brandenburger was caught squarely in the forehead and dropped. Other prisoners picked him up and he staggered along, wiping away a blinding stream of blood.

THE territorials endeavored to elbow a path through the throng. It was no use. They drew their pistols and swung vigorously. The mob broke and let them and their prisoners proceed in peace.

As for us, our "casualties" consisted of skinned knuckles, spattered uniforms, and Zinn's favorite dudeen. Two days later an announcement was read off at assembly that all *bleus* (rookies) who had had previous experience under fire might step forward and volunteer for duty at the front with the *anciens*.

We Americans were heartily sick of the inactivity and the training grind. Most of us fairly leaped out of the ranks in our anxiety. Then came the poser:

Edgar Bouligny, after his first wound, in the hospital at Port-à-Binson, with two fellow convalescents. (He is at the right.)

"What army did you serve in and how long?"

Herman Chatkoff of Brooklyn was the first at whom the embarrassing query was shot. He was a happy-go-lucky sort and was never at a loss for a comeback.

"The Salvation Army — five years, sir."

We tried vainly to keep our faces straight.

"I do not know that army," said the *sous-officier*. "Have you your credentials?"

"No, sir. I lost them," said Chatkoff.

PAUL ROCKWELL was next. "Two years' service in the Mexican army, sir," he reported.

"Credentials?"

"No," Paul replied; "but I served with these four comrades, who will bear me out." He pointed to his brother Kiffin, Bill Thaw, Alan Seeger, and Jack Casey, who all nodded their heads in confirmation.

"So? And at drill you were all awkwardness personified when you joined the Legion! How is that?"

"Our fighting was entirely guerrilla warfare, *mon sergent*."

That got over too. Apparently the officers went on the theory that a man who was willing to lie to get to the front would be willing to fight.

The time neared for departure to the active zone. September 29 came the last order of preparation—to have our heads clipped.

The next dawn recruits looked on enviously while we of Battalion C, Second Marching Regiment of the *Deuxième Etrangère*, quickstepped out the gates to the air of Madelon. The Legion banner waved in the van. Alongside of it, a joy to our American souls, was the Stars and Stripes, proudly borne by René Phelizot, a Chicagoan. It was floating now for the first time in the World War over armed Americans. The flags of Holland, England, Russia, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, and Serbia also bespoke the cosmopolitan nature of our outfit. Jammed into long trains of freight cars, we were off to go west by marching east.

Early on the dreary misty morning of October 2 came the cry of "All out!" We had arrived at Camp de Mailly.

No need to tell us now that war was hell. The evidence stood out even in the fog—village houses crumpled and torn by surging tides of steel. Graves, graves, graves, countless in number. A forest of shabby crosses as far as the eye could reach. Discarded haversacks, rifles, bayonets, pieces of shell, here and there a "dud," occasionally part of a dead body revealed through the thin covering left by a hasty burying party littered the ground.

Rumbling to the eastward. "Real rain coming," a *bleu* said. "Hear the thunder?" We cocked our ears. Burroom! Burroom! Burroom! No mistaking that sound now. It was the .75s bellowing in the distance.

"Forward!" We galvanized our half-paralyzed legs into action and marched off to the military camp, scores of little stone buildings. Battalions G and D of the Legion, mixed with African troops, had preceded us there.

More training—extended order and sham battles. We were not so

At Craonnelle after their baptism of fire in the Legion. Left to right, Alan Seeger, Bouligny, Nilson, and (seated) Morlae.

damned lucky after all to get away from Toulouse. *Bistros* (wine shops), beaneries, miserable sweet shops, and other penny-catchers had sprung up magically. Lucky was he who had money to patronize them.

The privates received one cent a day. As a corporal I commanded the princely salary of four cents. All of us were crazy for sweets. Nearly every one was broke. There was plenty of grumbling.

Pay day came. Good! I had forty cents in prospect, less four cents which would be deducted for the cigarette ration. I intended to celebrate. My job as a corporal was to draw the men's pay from the *sergent fourrier* (company clerk) every ten days and distribute it to my squad. In my eagerness to obtain some luxuries, I rushed out to a stand and bought a piece of cheese and a bar of chocolate before I started the pitiful ghost walking.

Horrors! When I reached the last in the squad, a snarling, suspicious little Russian, I lacked fifteen centimes (three cents) of being able to pay out. Embarrassed to death, I promised to make good the shortage as soon as I could see one of my American friends. He fixed a fishy eye on me, then bellowed, "Thief! Thief!" and dashed off shrieking for the *sergent fourrier.*

Scarcely had he taken a dozen steps, however, when a hand of iron brought him up short and he found himself looking into the terrifying face of Félix, former Paris apache, who had just been transferred to my squad.

"*Mon Dieu!*" thundered Félix. "Did you call me a thief? I will wring your swinish neck!"

"Oh, no, M. Félix!" whimpered the Slav. "I have been robbed by my corporal."

Félix glanced at me. "Liar!" he shouted. "There are no thieves in the Legion! We are all men of sterling integrity!"

"My corporal," wailed the Russian, "held out fifteen centimes from my pay."

I FELT I must explain. "I asked him to wait until I could borrow the money from one of my American friends."

"Never mind the American friends," said Félix, drawing out a few small coins. "Here, Russian, take your fifteen centimes."

The Russian went away, happy once more.

"Félix," I said, "I will return the fifteen centimes just as soon as I can get to one of my countrymen."

"Poof!" exclaimed Félix. "You need pay me nothing. What is fifteen centimes? Besides, I will steal the money back from him tonight, *mon corporal.*"

"Oh, no," I returned, "you can't do that."

"Why not? He will not spend it all today."

"What outlandish kind of man is this?" I thought, as I stood half laughing, yet astounded, gazing at my benefactor. His forehead was one ridged and flaming scar, the effect of erasing the signature on a Devil's Island diploma shortly after he had escaped from the penal colony. With Spartan indifference to suffering, he had scraped and pared at the telltale brand, then rubbed the wound with salt to complete the transformation. To add to his hideousness, nature had endowed him with high cheek bones standing out like crimson carbuncles, and with black reptile-like eyes. I was glad he had chosen to be my friend instead of my enemy.

"I'll get that money for you in a few minutes," I said. "Don't, under any conditions, take it away from that simpleton."

FÉLIX looked at me as if he pitied my weak-mindedness.

I appealed to Seeger. He would have given me his right eye, but he had just shot his week's pay for pencils, paper, and an extra supply of cigarettes. It began to look as though I could not make good with Félix and nature would take its course that night. Then, to my joy, I ran into Paul Rockwell the munificent.

"You've found a real friend in Félix!" he roared, slapping me on the back. "I've heard about Félix." Then he handed me not fifteen centimes, but ten francs. "Take that," he said, "for a reserve fund and watch your bookkeeping next time."

What a friend Paul was!

I paid and thanked Félix. Next morning the section room was in an uproar again. "I've been robbed!" came the Russian's wail. "Some one stole my ten days' pay!"

That day the Second Legion took its first prisoner. To Zinn and Dowd went the honor. Dispatched to the shell-torn forest near by on a wood-gathering detail, they stumbled on to the body of a German who had died of starvation. While they were looking at the poor fellow there was a movement in the bushes and they caught a glimpse of a German uniform.

"*Halte-là! Qui vive?*" Zinn called.

"*Kamerad!* Please spare my life!" echoed from the brush, and a tattered bony figure shot up like a jack-in-the-box. Cut off during the pell-mell retreat of the Germans, he explained, he and forty others had been hiding in the forest since the Battle of the Marne. His buddy had starved to death. They were afraid to surrender because their officers had told them the French executed all prisoners.

Sunday morning, October 18, at six o'clock, we marched out of Camp de Mailly in the direction of those thundering guns to the eastward. We halted that night at Ay, our last stop outside of German gun range. Up and off again at four thirty. Coffee and a bit of dry bread. Off again, this time for Verzy, up a rough mountain road.

The Legion marches fifty minutes, then rests for ten. This day it was very hot. The Russian socks were raising Hades, and at the rest period the men flopped at the signal. Seeger

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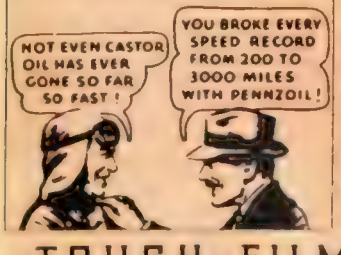

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was particularly distressed. Agony was in his face and he limped at every step. But he would have died rather than drop out.

Somehow we reached Verzy, a forlorn lot.

From there we could see the valley of Champagne. Ten to twenty villages were in flames. Guns were flashing viciously, exploding shells jetting destruction.

For three days more we were quartered in stables which were being subjected to a hellish fire. Orders were to let no one out in the road. But there was small chance of keeping the men back, for French girls, scores of them, were working in the vineyards as peacefully as if nothing was happening.

At Sillery we got our first glimpse of an airplane under fire. The Rockwells and Bill Thaw of Pittsburgh were especially interested, having ambition to get into the flying game.

The German plane was brought down by the anti-aircraft guns. Otherwise the aviator might have seen a fleet of trucks being mobilized in the woods. They were loaded with us, and away we careened under shellfire, clinging on for dear life.

Into the outskirts of Reims we buzzed like the proverbial bats out of hell. The city was being subjected to a terrific high-angle fire. We roared on to Fismes, then north to Merval, where we unloaded. Leaving Merval, we rested in the woods, and then, as night lowered, marched toward the enemy in open formation.

Shells appeared to fall everywhere except in our ranks. We were getting accustomed to them after that wild ride. Then came a new sound, the hiccough of machine guns. Rockets raced across the heavens; star shells broke. Occasionally we threw ourselves flat on the ground as shrapnel broke dangerously near.

WE pulled up exhausted on the outskirts of Cuiry les Chaudardes. The next afternoon the Germans evidently knew of our presence there and cut loose a terrific bombardment, but not a man in the regiment was hurt. Eventually we wound along the base of a hill on which stood the shell-torn Château du Blanc-Sablon. A drizzle and too much anxiety to finish the snail-like process of entering the front lines had seared our nerves. Our morale was at low ebb for the time being. In the pale rays of a sickly moon we could see the outline of a man on horseback. Then a star shell burst by chance and revealed, as if in a spotlight, our Colonel Passard. He was reviewing us for the last time as we approached the trenches.

From beyond the hill came the rattle of musketry and the whir of machine guns. There was a confusion of voices. The command, "Fire at will," could be distinctly heard. Here was the front. Our ears told us that. But a deaf-and-dumb man would have known it. The wind had suddenly shifted and was giving us our first whiff of decaying human flesh.

We stood in a cold paralyzing mist under orders to wait for a guide who would take us to replace French infantry. Natal Grunstein, a Turkish Jew who had been in the Balkan war, stumbled and fell. His equipment clattered viciously.

"God!" he exclaimed in a stage whisper. "I stumbled over a body! There are dozens of them! Look!" He shuddered and pointed into the shadows where the ashen moon seemed afraid to penetrate.

Shelter tents were spread out all about us. We lifted one and gazed on the mangled body of a French soldier.

That night a whole French company had been practically wiped out. We were to do sentry duty on the very spot those poor devils had given their lives to hold.

Next week's installment plunges with Edgar Bouligny and his comrades into the inferno of the Western Front as they attack Craonnelle and fight a midnight battle among the tombstones of the cemetery of Craonne. It affords not only the richest of comic relief, in the sentimental tattooings borne by Félix, the ex-apache, but also —actually, indisputably—a breath-taking glimpse over the shoulder of Alan Seeger in the very act of writing his immortal poem beginning, as all the world knows, "I have a rendezvous with Death."

Their kiss was profound and passionate, and somehow pleading that life would let it all last.

Mr. Prescott *of Kansas*

A Story of Empty Purses and Hungering Hearts, and a Love that Was Daunted by Neither

(Reading time: 32 minutes 40 seconds.)

YOUNG Steve Sparks had a job as janitor of the church, and as there were to be two weeks of revival meetings, he hoped for extra money. The Sparkses needed money even more than usual. They had had town help for two months, but now Cal Vitz, the chairman of the town board, had made it so uncomfortable for them that they had refused to take it any more.

But there was the matter of the bill which the town held against them. The fifteen dollars town aid, the board said, must be returned to the town, on account of 'Delbert.

It was when first they were receiving this aid—at ten dollars a month—that 'Delbert had drifted in. He was a little, likable man who came by at dusk one October night and asked whether he could "chore it" for something to eat. Joe Sparks, Steve's father, had told him the milking was done and the horses bedded down and the wood box filled, but they could give him some bacon and fried mush and coffee in any case. So he had washed up at the bench and had smoothed his hair neatly with a stub of comb, and then "had made himself handy in the kitchen—turning the mush and pouring the coffee and sniffing quiet to break your heart," Mrs. Sparks had said.

This she had said to Joe, her husband, who had beckoned her into the pantry and had stood there, shaking his head.

"We hadn't ought to invite him in," he said, "us on the town, so."

"I wouldn't send that man off now, no matter what."

By ZONA GALE

said his wife. "He ain't had a square for three days. *You* wouldn't send him off either, Joe."

"No, I donno's I would," Joe admitted; "but if Vitz hears of this!"

"Vitz makes us all the trouble he can anyway," said his wife. "Little more won't hurt us."

Seated at the table, the little visitor expanded in the odor and presence of the food until his face was good to see. Mrs. Sparks smiled merely to look at him.

"I donno's I've had fried mush since I was a boy either," 'Delbert said, looking down lovingly at his heaped plate.

No butter, but plenty of sorghum and dripping. Sorghum to sweeten the coffee too, but no cream.

"We send it all to the creamery," Mrs. Sparks said. "But we had a hundred pounds of sorghum. That and the beans and a few potatoes are all we raised—"

She obeyed Joe's warning glance. The stranger must not know that they were on the town lest some ancient dignity of hospitality be violated.

"Traveling far?" Joe asked.

"Quite some ways," said 'Delbert.

So much might be asked but no more; and in the silence which fell, 'Delbert, as if in return for their reticence, volunteered, "I'm on my road to Wichita, Kansas. I figure to walk."

"I don't know that country," said Joe.

"No—*I* don't," said his wife.

"I come from Kansas," said 'Delbert. He seemed to yield to some temptation to talk. "I run away from there with a circus when I was ten," he said.

STEVE'S eyes grew round. He leaned forward and questioned shamelessly. The word "circus" seemed to give a boy a right to question.

"Twenty years," 'Delbert said. "Then I got too stiff for wire work—that was my specialty."

"Walking wires?"

"Wire and tight-rope work."

"Say!"

"You got it better here," said 'Delbert.

There was a scratching at the door, and Steve went to let in Pal—a small spaniel, who sniffed at 'Delbert and then licked his hand.

"Your pup?" 'Delbert asked.

"You bet," said Steve.

"That's the worst of tramping it," said 'Delbert. "You can't have a dog. I wouldn't do it. It's not fair to any dog."

He held one hand on the dog's head and went on with his supper. He was handy with the dishes too, Mrs. Sparks said later, when he had insisted on "scraping up" and washing.

"I'll bet some woman trained you?" she said, trying to make the query sound casual.

"When I was a kid," 'Delbert said, "mother did. But she died—that's when I run away. I've never had anybody else. My job was too risky—I didn't dare chance it. There was one once—that shared my act. We was going to be married—but she fell and broke her back. Not with me, thank God—but I saw it happen. I couldn't ever—"

Rena.

"No, of course you couldn't," said Mrs. Sparks.

When she went in the pantry with the dishes, 'Delbert said low to Steve:

"Do you reckon they would leave me sleep in the barn tonight?"

Steve asked, not his father but his mother, who said, "No. He needn't sleep in the barn. We can fix him a bed."

THEY were sitting by the cooking stove, with Pal lying between Steve and 'Delbert, when some one knocked and entered.

"Rena!" said Mrs. Sparks. "Did you come down the road alone?"

"Father dropped me off on his way to town board meeting," she said.

"Didn't he mind your coming here?"

"He minds everything," the girl said.

Now that her light coat fell back, she sat slim and tired-looking, and even in the faint firelight she was not pretty. There was in her dress and in her hair a carelessness which seemed not to belong to her youth. It was as if something were draining her of her right to be.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOHN FALTER

There was a heavy step, an abrupt knock, and Cal Vitz stood in the doorway.

" Meet Mr. Prescott of Kansas," Mrs. Sparks said formally. " Miss Rena Vitz."

His startled upward look and his quick sidewise bow seemed to give Mrs. Sparks a new consideration for him. No one, her tone now might have said, could look like that at a woman and could speak to her so who was not himself worth considering. " Mr. Prescott is going to stay with us tonight," she said. There was nothing in her tone to indicate that Mr. Prescott was not a merchant prince on his travels.

" I'M surprised," said Joe Sparks, " that your father'd call for you here. He and us has a feud," he explained to 'Delbert. " What's it over, mother, first off? Do you remember? I mean back of the line fence? "

" Land, I don't know," said Mrs. Sparks. " But Rena's the only one in the family it didn't spread to. Her mother wouldn't neighbor with me when she was living. And you know yourself, Rena, your father's mean to Steve."

" Yes," said Rena. " He likes to be. He hasn't anything else he's really interested in," she explained to 'Delbert. She laughed a little, and when she laughed she was more nearly pretty. 'Delbert looked at her swiftly and looked away and back.

" He fights everybody on the town board," she went on. " He fights everybody in the church. He can't get along with any of his neighbors. Mother and I always kept still when he got to going, and then he was mad because we'd no spirit." She laughed again with some compunction. " Everybody knows dad," she said. " He hasn't any place for his pep but a fight."

" I used to know a man like that with the big show," said 'Delbert suddenly.

" Mr. Prescott has been a wire walker with the circus," Mrs. Sparks explained.

" Oh, yes," said Rena with respect.

'Delbert Prescott now began to talk. He knew the big show. Knew its seams and its raveled edges as he knew its triumphs and its glamours. But he was not articulate, and of all that he tried to tell them only a little could reach them. His face was bright with the scenes passing before his inner eye, but he was not accustomed to telling about them. Yet his talk—so fragmentary and eager—served in some way to reveal him to his listeners, so that they all smiled and murmured. Even Joe Sparks said, " I'd like to get to a real big circus once," and Steve was round-eyed, to be so near to a wire walker.

" I wouldn't trust myself, sonny," 'Delbert said to Steve. " No—I'm done, myself." He sighed. " I'm past the age. I'm too old to begin anything again. I don't know where my life has gone," he said, and looked about him in surprise.

" Same around here," said Joe. " You plow and you cut and the year's gone."

" You set your incubator and you sell your turkeys," said Mrs. Sparks. " That's all there is to my year."

" Oh, God," said Rena, " I don't get any year! "

STEVE looked at them strangely. " Say," he said, " what you talking? Between the time I do my first plowing and the time I bring down my first duck seems like a hundred years."

They stared at one another in the red firelight from the great open draft of the stove, caught in the sense of time and of themselves.

" Rena has it the worst, I guess," said Mrs. Sparks.

Rena pushed her hair back and let her hand rest there, flat and veined.

" Sometimes," she said, " I go 'most wild, thinking what's ahead of me. I used to think if ma died and I was left alone with him, I'd kill myself. I ought to have gone off years ago. I'm thirty now."

As she said this, she looked swiftly at the man, the stranger, as if this were something which she should not have revealed.

Presently Steve began cracking a bowl of hickory nuts, and Mrs. Sparks brought out a small calico bag of pop corn and a rusty popper, and she moved the popper over an open griddle, and filled a pan with white kernels. The odor crept about the kitchen and a faint sense of cheer and warmth was there. The Sparkses forgot that they were on the town for their food. Rena Vitz forgot her years and her empty life, and the stranger felt at home. Suddenly Pal growled, then sprang up and barked. There was a heavy step, an abrupt knock, and Cal Vitz stood in the doorway.

Cal Vitz.

"Ready, Rena?" he asked her. "Evening, all."

"Come in. Set down. Hev a nut," said Joe Sparks somberly.

"No, thanks. Ready, Rena?" said Vitz.

"This is Mr. Prescott of Kansas," said Mrs. Sparks.

"Oh-ho," said Vitz. "Friend of yours?"

"Yes, he is," said Mrs. Sparks a bit defiantly.

"Staying with you, is he?" Vitz pursued.

"Spending the night—yes," she told him.

Vitz looked at her. "Come before supper, did he?"

"What's it to you, father?" Rena asked shortly.

Vitz wheeled toward her.

"It's this," he said, addressing her: "That a family that's taking town help ought not to be having company in the home!"

The faces of Joe Sparks and his wife burned a slow crimson. All the dignity of their simple hospitality to the stranger lay in ashes about them.

"We raise our own sorghum and we killed our bacon—because we couldn't get enough to market, as you know," said Joe. "The corn meal and coffee was all that come off the town."

"My work I done free—that's my own, I hope," said his wife.

"And the nuts I gathered. And the corn we had before we come on the town!" Joe cried hotly.

"And a deal more stuff stored away, or I miss my guess," said Vitz. Still he hadn't finished. He turned to the stranger.

"Prescott," he repeated the name. "I guess I heard about you down to the village tonight. Old circus man—"

"Yes. Wire work," said Prescott with dignity.

"You was inquiring for supper at the homes of a couple of the town board, and they told you times was too hard to be feeding folks that lived out of the country. Am I right?"

"That's right," said Prescott, and now in his turn the slow red mounted on his face and he sent a swift look toward Rena.

"So then you come out to these folks that are getting town help already and they take you in. Well, why shouldn't they? Now the town's paid for your supper as well as theirs."

"For shame, father," said Rena. "This—gentleman is going to his old home in Kansas. Any one would help him—"

"Are you ready, Rena?" her father cut her short.

Seeing her rise, Pal ran forward and sniffed at her and at Vitz. At the little dog Vitz kicked out once, and viciously. No one said anything, but 'Delbert looked at him with a quick frown.

Rena said good night to Mr. and Mrs. Sparks and Steve, and paused before 'Delbert.

"If I don't see you before you go," she said formally, "I hope you'll have a safe journey."

She followed her father to the door, out which he preceded her. So she had opportunity to turn.

"If he doesn't start too early," she said low to Mrs. Sparks, "I'll be over with a lunch—for the road."

WHEN the door closed they four sat silent for a moment before the untouched corn and nuts.

"Maybe you done wrong on my account," said Prescott. "I'd better go now."

"You stay where you are," said Sparks loudly. "Our extra bed is our own. The town didn't buy that."

Prescott looked about him.

"I don't feel like a common tramp!" he cried.

Next morning, which was warm and beautiful for that latitude, 'Delbert would have been on his way without breakfast, but Mrs. Sparks had her brief of the case all prepared.

"Our hens we raised," she said, "just like this bacon was. So our eggs are our own. Sit down to 'em."

"And you drink some coffee," said Joe Sparks, "or I'll throw it on you. Cal Vitz don't own the county yet."

Though the food was savory and the kitchen was warm and sunny, the breakfast was a somber one. All about the house lay the great barren acres. The soy beans had been a short crop in the drought; the clover hadn't caught; the corn had hung in toy ears, never filled. There were potatoes still to be dug, and a few cabbages to be cut. Then the weight of winter would lie upon them, and there would be only wood to be cut and stock to be fed until the frost left the ground.

"If it wasn't for this damn' foolishness," said Joe Sparks, "I'd like for you to stay and help me dig potatoes and cut in the wood lot. But I allow Vitz would have us all in jail."

Before they had finished breakfast there was Rena with her basket. Her face was glowing, and she looked young and, in her faint way, really pretty.

"Father's gone to Chicago," she announced. "They telephoned in the night. It's his brother—he's dying. Of course there's property in it or father wouldn't have gone."

Joe Sparks took Rena's basket and stood holding it in a mounting excitement.

"Look here," he said, "Prescott! You stay today and help me with the potatoes and eat up this lunch here. Then the town can't kick—and you can go on tomorrow."

"The town board—" said 'Delbert.

"None of the rest of the board would ever say a word, these times," said Rena.

"Then, if Miss Rena wouldn't mind, and her so kind to put up the lunch—" 'Delbert said doubtfully.

"I'd like it!" cried Rena. "I'll stay—and dig potatoes too."

FOR the first time in months the Sparkses had a day of almost light-hearted toil. They went into the potato field in the crisp air and the warm sunlight, Pal trotting at Steve's heels. They dug and talked, and under their friendliness 'Delbert's tongue loosened a bit, and he sang for them fragments of airs the bands had played in the old days of the parades.

And it was while they worked that Puncher Clark came riding by and shouted to Steve that he—Steve—had got the job of janitor at the church, and that with the revival meetings coming on he'd make a good thing of it.

"Say, pa," said Steve, "let's get off the town now. I'll be making eight dollars a month—that'll buy us coffee and flour and meal. What do you say?"

"When you get your first pay," said Joe, and looked at his boy as if he were a man.

Rena said only, "They must have elected Steve at the town meeting last night. Then father must have known when he stopped in here. But he wouldn't tell—good news goes against his grain."

Cal Vitz was held in Chicago for three weeks, and all that time 'Delbert Prescott stayed on at the Sparkses'. He was useful and willing. He came and went tirelessly, and at night he sat with them by the stove and, now quite at home, spun for them yarns of days and places of which they knew nothing. Rena was there every day, and she would have been shameless about bringing in food, but the Sparkses would have none of it. However, they were obliged to regard the scruples of 'Delbert. He would eat of their bacon and eggs, their sorghum and their dried corn and their potatoes and their cabbages, but he would have none of their coffee or their flour or their meal or any of the groceries on their town list.

"So's they can't kick," he would reiterate.

Almost every evening the Sparkses and 'Delbert went to the revival meetings.

"I don't know how much I understand about it," 'Delbert said apologetically, as one who did not wish to sail under false colors, "but the hymns I use' to hear when I was a boy, and they make me feel I'm back there again."

"Sure," said Joe Sparks. "That's why I go."

Rena went a few times—her hat had a red wing, and 'Delbert seemed always to find that wing. When Mrs. Sparks would wonder afterward whether Rena had been at the meeting, 'Delbert always knew, adding apologetically, "I see her red feather"; or he would say, "No—she wasn't. Leastways I didn't notice the red feather there tonight."

But one evening the elder Sparkses elected to stay at home from the meeting. All the evening 'Delbert walked about the kitchen restlessly from one window to the other, and finally said that he thought he'd have a look at the moon. "Might step *(Continued on page twenty)*

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VITALIS

KEEPS HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

(Continued from page eighteen) down the road a piece, too," he muttered.

When he had left, the Sparkses exchanged a look of significance.

"I wonder what Cal Vitz would do then," Mrs. Sparks said enjoyably.

The moon was very bright that night, and there had been a light early snowfall, so that the fields were white and the shadows were sharp. 'Delbert turned down the road to the church.

"I got so I like to hear those church songs every night," he thought, as if he were explaining a matter to some one. But when he reached the church, he walked by. "Little late to go in now," he went on explaining. He could hear no music—only the long roll of the preacher's voice, warning, exhorting.

When he was some distance down the road he heard the voices burst out in the usual closing hymn, Blest Be the Tie that Binds. He wheeled and walked back, facing the little church with its yellow windows and its squat steeple, over which the moon hung full. There was no wind, and walking in the black and white of road and hearing the rise and fall of the old hymn, he felt peaceful and almost happy.

"Seems as if I can hear ma's voice singing that one," he thought.

Before he reached the church the doors opened and the people streamed out, black against the moonlit snow. He quickened his step, then sauntered, and shortly he saw Rena. Not that he knew her by her red feather in that light; but he knew her.

She was with others, but when she saw 'Delbert coming along alone and pretending not to see her, she fell behind and joined him.

"Were *you* at the meeting?" she asked, and he did not fail to note, with a faint but sweeping exultation, the surprise in her voice. So she had noticed that he was not there!

"No—but I thought I'd come down and walk along," he said.

"Oh," said Rena.

They "walked along," falling behind the others, sauntering in the crisp air as if it were May. Reaching out for something to say, 'Delbert told her how he had just been remembering his mother's voice singing that last hymn.

"MY mother never sang," said Rena. "I guess father was too mean to her. She died ten years ago. Him and I—we've lived there ever since. Folks say he's faithful to her memory. My idea is he don't want the expense of another wife."

"He'll have to marry for a housekeeper when you—do," said 'Delbert.

"I've always known I never—would," said Rena. "The boys never liked me—I've thought sometimes it must be that I'm some like my father. Of course I'm not pretty, either. But that's not really his fault," she laughed.

"I never could, 'count of wire work," 'Delbert pursued his thought. "Now, when I'm past that, I can't because I'm not earning any."

"Lots of folks are married that aren't earning any, these days," said Rena unexpectedly. "Look at the Sparkses."

"And bring you on the town?" 'Delbert demanded with violence—then stopped, stricken mute at what he had said.

Rena said low, "There's lots worse lives than being on the town. Of course, one don't lay to be on the town," she went on hastily, "but if it happens—it happens. I've got a little saved," she added.

'Delbert was struggling with his enormous excitement.

"*I've* got a little saved!" he cried. "It's in a little house. That's why I'm footing it to Kansas—to get to that little house that's mine. I've got better than six hundred dollars in it," he told her triumphantly, but the moment that he had uttered this he seemed shocked by the pitiful size of his fortune. "My whole life," he said, "and only that much to show for it. I guess you'll think—"

She passed over this. "I've got 'most four hundred," she said. "Why, that's a thousand dollars altogether! On a thousand dollars anybody can—"

"You mean you would?" 'Delbert asked. "You *would?*"

"If it was you," said Rena.

They were somewhat farther down the road when 'Delbert said:

"When you come to think of it, that's an awful thing, us talking so about money—about getting on—before I said a single thing about—you know—liking you."

"I guess we both knew about that, though," said Rena.

"That's so, isn't it?" 'Delbert said. "That part you can mostly take for granted, time it comes to speaking out."

BEFORE her house, blank and somber in the cold light, he paused, longing to say something of what was within him.

"It don't seem possible," he said, "that it could be me that this is happening to. I'd settled down to thinking I couldn't ever."

"Me too," said Rena. "I mean—these last years," she added honestly. "I thought I'd just be here till he dies—and then just be here the rest of the time. I know you could have found somebody nicer," she said shyly, "but you couldn't find anybody that'll try harder to be good to you."

"I couldn't have found anybody nicer," he said.

They were before the door and he stooped gravely and waited. Rena put up her face. And their kiss was profound and passionate, and somehow pleading, perhaps that life would let it all last.

The next day in the late afternoon, when Steve went to the church to start the fire, 'Delbert walked down with him. The color now drained from the woods was lit to life by the slant sun, and all the air was mild and golden. Midway in the long cottonwood drive, planted by some Sparks of three generations before, they met Rena turning suddenly into the road, and 'Delbert saw at once that her face was barren and bitter again.

"Pa's brother's dead," she said. "Pa'll be home any time now. He's not likely to wait much after the will is read."

"Then I'd best be getting on," said 'Delbert.

"Yes," said Steve soberly.

They came to the church, lying under its bare elms, with its small burying ground about it touched by patches of snow. The sun smote the old gray gravestones and the weathered white front door of the church. Steve thrust in his key, and it would not turn; and now the handle was turned from within and there stood Cal Vitz on the threshold, his old black valise in his hand.

"Thought I'd have a look at your janitoring," he said to Steve, without greeting. "I should have thought you might have had the fires going a mite earlier, to heat up for the evening. People don't take any interest," he continued. "Now me, trampin' home from the train just now, I couldn't wait to see how things in the church was going."

No one said anything.

"Bless me," he said now, "if here ain't Mr. Prescott. Still with us, I see! Still bein' company for the Sparkses, are you?"

"He's been working every day," Rena burst out. "Plowing and cutting wood and pulling cabbages—"

"Doing the work of them that can afford to have help in their work," said Cal. "I get it. It may be I can make it clear to the town meeting tonight that's meeting in the church, right following the revival."

"You've no call to make it clear to any meeting!" cried Steve. "'Delbert hasn't touched the town food—no, not once!"

Cal Vitz shrugged.

"That's as it may be," he said. "Come, Rena."

"And we're off the town now, anyway, as soon as I get my first pay here at the church!" Steve cried. "And then he can stay if he wants to!"

"That's as it may be," Vitz repeated. "Come, Rena."

"See you tonight, Steve," Rena called elaborately, and sent back her look *(Continued on page twenty-two)*

Headache? How's your *alkaline* reserve?

ALL TOO OFTEN headaches are accompanied by a lowered alkaline reserve in the system—so you certainly want to use a preparation which will help bring your alkaline reserve back to normal.

Therefore, you need something not only to attack the pain, but to supply this alkali. Bromo-Seltzer supplies readily-absorbed alkali to the blood. Look what happens when you take it!

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You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the large, economical family-size bottle at home. Ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia or other pains of nerve origin. But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are not made under the careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for more than forty years. At the fountain or by the bottle. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

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A UNITED HOTEL

(Continued from page twenty) to 'Delbert. Steve looked astonished, and then, seeing her face behind her father's back, he comprehended and called, "Sure, sure," for 'Delbert.

"So that's how things are with you," said Steve, grinning, as they went into the church.

"I guess I'd ought not to think of it," said 'Delbert miserably.

"You go ahead," said Steve. "We'll think too. But we got to think mighty quick." . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Sparks were sitting at supper alone that night.

'Delbert had stayed at the church to help Steve, and the Sparkses knew nothing of Cal Vitz's return until Rena came in without rapping. She carried a basket. She was wearing a wine-red dress and coat and hat which they had not seen before.

"They were mother's," Rena said, answering Mrs. Sparks's look. "I've been making them over for a couple of weeks," she added naïvely.

"Father's back," she went on. "I told him I had to stop off here because I had something of yours—and I have."

"Land, now he's going to make trouble for 'Delbert," Mrs. Sparks said.

"He's laying to bring up 'Delbert before the town meeting this very night!" cried Rena. "He'll make him go—"

"He can't make him go. It's a free country!" Mrs. Sparks burst out.

"Oh, but he can—you ought to hear him!"

"Sure he can," said Joe somberly.

"That isn't all!" Rena went on. "He's got something else up his sleeve—I don't know what. Oh, why does he want to be so—"

Standing erect in her fine clothes, with her face flushed and her hair wind-blown, she was almost pretty. She looked as if she were about to utter herself forth in strong words, but instead she cried out:

"Mrs. Sparks! Can I speak to you for a minute—in the pantry?"

HER basket she swept into the pantry. There was something wind-blown and violent in her motions which made Rena seem like some one else. She took from the basket an envelope and she whispered excitedly:

"Mrs. Sparks—here's something I want you to take and use—like I've written on the envelope. And can I leave the basket in the cold-room—so's I can get it? It isn't locked, is it? Are you going to the meeting? Can I go with you?" She seemed caught out of herself, buoyant, vibrant, almost joyous.

Yes, the Sparkses were going to the meeting—and Rena's basket was hurried into the cold-room, and the Sparkses got into their coats. But in her cold upstairs "chamber," where she went for her best hat, Mrs. Sparks stole a look at the contents of the envelope which Rena had thrust in her hand and at what Rena had written. She slipped the envelope in her coat. When she came downstairs she was still laughing. But there was no time to take Joe aside and tell him before they set out down the road, where the snow patches lay melting in the warm unseasonable night. The moon had risen and all the fields seemed floating in the thin glory.

"How nice it looks—how nice it looks!" Rena said over and over, flying along the road so that the Sparkses had some difficulty in keeping up with her.

They overtook and passed many who were also on their way to the church, and to them all Rena's voice rang out in some gay greeting.

"Rena must have got religion to the revival meetings," Joe muttered.

"She's got something better than that," said his wife, and then came to herself, shocked at such involuntary irreverence, and added, "Well, no, of course not better—but different."

ALREADY the church was well filled—save the front benches, which were left vacant for those who later in the evening would "come forward" and testify.

The revival meetings had had great success, every one said. Inside the door stood 'Delbert with Steve, and when 'Delbert saw Rena the look which passed between them shook Mrs. Sparks so that she dropped her hymn book.

Rena went to sit beside her father, who thrust up a beckoning arm to her from a back seat.

'Delbert stepped close to the Sparkses.

"He's going to see that I move on—or else he's going to make trouble for you," he muttered.

"Let him try!" Mrs. Sparks flashed.

"That's all right, 'Delbert—you stay. We'll do something or other," said Joe.

'Delbert shook his head.

"No, no," he said, "I couldn't. But I want you to know—nobody's ever been so good to me as you folks have been. In case I shouldn't see you—"

"You're not leaving Rena behind!" Mrs. Sparks burst out incautiously.

'Delbert flushed and a look of extreme gentleness and sweetness crossed his face.

"You've noticed?" he asked. "I've got you folks to thank for that, too—"

The revivalist had risen and was giving out a hymn. The Sparkses were forced to take separate seats, and the reed organ began to play.

It was as if many in the church knew that something was afoot. Necks were stretched up and curious glances cast, and the eyes of more than one wandered until they rested on Cal Vitz. His great bass rolled from the back seat. "'Wash me—and I shall be whiter than snow,'" he rumbled, and Rena was singing, too, though not many knew that she ever sang.

Usually the meetings had been preceded by a "service of song," but at the close of the first hymn the revivalist rose abruptly and made an announcement.

"*Dear* friends," he said, as one who never used the word "dear" without emphasizing it. "*Dear* friends, at this time the chairman of the town board, Mr. Vitz, is to make you an announcement."

There was a charged silence. Every one sat in the delicious throes of some tension not to be defined.

Cal Vitz got up and Rena lifted to him a face of terror. Whatever she had expected, she had not expected this.

Her father made his way to the front of the church leisurely and with unmistakable relish. He folded his hands on his stomach and literally savored the moment.

"We'd expected," he said, "to hold a town-board meeting following the services. But being as the services drug on quite late, and being as there's a matter which we'd like for to lay before the God-fearing people of this community, we've asked permission to do so at this time."

While he adjusted his glasses and unfolded some papers, the electric silence held. Then he cleared his throat.

"When I presented this matter to the members of the town board over the telephone, it was suggested that it was a matter for a kind of religious opinion instead of just lay. So I offered to bring it before this body. It *is* a matter for religious opinion. For the Bible evidently expected that we should have strangers within our gates with oxes and asses and menservants and maidservants. It also expected us to give alms and to feed the hungry. But *with whose money?* With town money? Did the Bible mean *that?*

"Give a cup of cold water, the Bible says, but it don't instruct us to give out food private that's been paid for by the town. Nor it don't instruct them that are on the town relief to take in either friends or strangers and feed them too. It ain't only a town-board matter. It's a religious matter.

"And because some has said that we're going against religion by so ruling I'm laying it before this religious assembly, and I—speaking for the board—would like to hear from those most concerned."

THERE was no question as to whom he meant. Every one looked about for 'Delbert or for Mr. and Mrs. Joe Sparks. There was a frank craning of necks and turning of heads.

But 'Delbert, who earlier had been standing by the door, was not to be seen, and Joe Sparks sat silent, his hot resentment burning in his face.

"Just like Cal Vitz's cussedness," muttered a neighbor to Joe. "He's a man would kick a hurt dog."

As if he had heard this, Vitz growled out:

"If the circus man from Kansas is in the audience, mebbe *he'll* give us his idea on this."

There was silence again. Certainly 'Delbert was not in the church.

"Lit out, I guess," said Vitz, his teeth showing through his beard. "Then mebbe there's somebody else that can tell us what he—"

Joe Sparks had thrown up his head and grasped the seat before him. He was waiting, it seemed, for Vitz to have done and then he was ready. But Vitz did not have done. Before he could finish, Mrs. Sparks, in the end of the next pew where they had seated her, got to her feet and began speaking quietly and very clearly.

She said: "If you mean Mr. Prescott of Kansas who has been staying with us, his board has been paid for and paid prompt."

Joe stared across at her, and Cal Vitz sneered, "That's likely!"

STILL leisurely, though her hands trembled too, she held up three five-dollar bills.

"Five dollars a week for three weeks," she said. "And his room—he's worked with us for that. I thought everybody knew that," she could not resist adding. "Will the treasurer of the town board kindly get the money at the close of the meeting—to pay back what we owe the town!" she added, and sat down.

"You sure he paid?" demanded Vitz sharply, looking from one to another. "You sure he did?"

Joe Sparks, who didn't understand how his wife had worked a miracle, nevertheless now found his tongue.

"I guess everybody did know that but you, Cal," he drawled, swaggering a bit. "And you been away," he added kindly.

"Yes—I've been away," Cal said confusedly, and, "Very happy, I'm sure, that it turns out so," he muttered. "That's all, Mr. Chairman," he added confusedly, and walked back to his seat.

And he walked to an accompaniment of sudden applause, and sudden laughter rose from all over the little church. But these did not seem to be for him.

When Vitz reached his seat, he stood looking about him. Rena was not there.

Out on the road they hurried together—Rena and 'Delbert.

"The lunch is in a basket in the Sparkses' cold-room," she said. "My suitcase I brought down early and hid under their lilacs. While you get your stuff I'll write a note to father."

"Rena," 'Delbert said, "you won't be sorry?"

"I'll be glad!" she cried strongly.

"And you love me?" He was still shy about this.

She looked in his face.

"All I know how to love," she said, "that's never loved."

"Well, if you wanted somebody to love *you*," he said, "you got him."

Rena wrote:

DEAR FATHER:

The fifteen dollars you owed me for the eggs and the feed that I raised I took from the bookcase—three five-dollar bills. So you needn't send me that.

I've gone with 'Delbert. RENA.

THE END

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Our Financial RACKETEERS

(Reading time: 15 min. 10 sec.)

A Startling and Uncompromising Declaration of War on Those Who Have Betrayed Their Trust in High Places in Caring for Other People's Money

By SENATOR
DUNCAN U. FLETCHER
Chairman of the United States Senate Committee on Banking and Currency

FOR approximately twenty months the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency has been conducting an investigation into stock-exchange and banking practices. The facts brought out in the public hearings are of such vital importance to the proper conduct of our financial institutions that they cannot be ignored, and we must not permit them to be glossed over. For a final array of the facts and an ultimate appraisal of their values, it is best that we await the conclusion of the hearings and the report of the committee and its counsel; for immediately ahead of us, I believe, is some of the most valuable information which the committee shall be privileged to present. In the meantime, it is not inappropriate that we review briefly the developments to date.

Similar investigations have revealed practices just as startling as the present. Unfortunately, however, we seem not to have profited as greatly from the fund of knowledge developed as we should have. My primary purpose in discussing these matters at this time arises from the firm resolution that we shall be neither intimidated, misdirected, nor lulled into a false sense of security. The discreditable, unethical, vicious practices uncovered in this investigation must, in so far as legislatively and administratively possible, be eliminated from the practices of those individuals and institutions controlling the most vital factors of our economic system.

The present investigation had its inception in Senate Resolution 84 in April, 1932. Its scope was such as to confer upon the committee powers generally believed to permit them to investigate stock-exchange and banking practices, " and the desirability of the exercise of the taxing power of the United States with respect to any such securities." Subsequently Senate Joint Resolution 206, Senate Resolutions 239, 371, 373, and 56 were passed to strengthen and continue the powers of the committee. Early in the life of the Seventy-third Congress a minor crisis developed when the powers of the committee were challenged while it was attempting to investigate individual transactions for income-tax purposes. The Senate responded by passing Senate Resolution 97, which contributed in bestowing upon this committee probably the broadest authority ever conferred by Congress on any similar grouping of its members.

It would be premature to even outline the report and the conclusions of the committee. It is possible now to state only generally the principal subjects studied and enumerate some of the questions which have been investigated and to indicate the scope of the evidence on these matters which point to immediately needed reforms.

The evidence thus far has established beyond question that there have been grave abuses, the continuance of which must not be condoned. In fact, if confidence is to be restored, the general public must be given to understand that such abuses will not be tolerated. The restoration of confidence needed goes farther than the mere scope of individual and corporate transactions and practices. The need extends even unto that of state and federal government. This committee has been charged with dragging out skeletons, muckraking, and even the destruction of confidence. From the mass of correspondence which has flooded this committee, however, in my estimation the committee's most constructive work is to be found in the revelation of facts and the bolstering of public confidence. The result has been that the financial leaders and institutions of the past have found that the public has more confidence in the committee and governmental bodies in general, and more hope in the protection of corrective legislation and administrative supervision, than it has had in them.

Men in high places have betrayed their trust. In theory the corporation official, whether in a bank or other corporate capacity, is a trustee of " other people's money." Investigation shows that this feeling of trusteeship has come to be very rare in financial circles.

The acts of financial crooks and racketeers make it plain that efforts must be made to safeguard legitimate depositors and investors. Manipulation and rigging of markets have been shown, though the intents, purposes, and ill effects are either denied or condoned.

Banking and investment corporations have been pyramided, and affiliates acquired, without rhyme or reason other than to serve selfish interests.

Bankers have become at one and the same time private bankers, commercial bankers, investment bankers, owners or trustees and wreckers of railroads, tunnels, skyscrapers, motion-picture enterprises, public utilities, industrial corporations; public defenders in rallying their banks in united support of a collapsing market on the one hand and selling it short (on margin) on the other. They have, as in the spring and summer of 1929, so the testimony reveals, availed themselves of the rediscount privilege and thrown hundreds of millions of dollars into the call-loan-money market in defiance of the belatedly aroused Federal Reserve Board. They have supported the market until their syndicate and pool operations were completed; then withdrawn their support, sold the market short (on margin)—even the stock of their own banks and corporations. To the extent that these latter practices prevailed, these individuals and corporations dictated and controlled the monetary policy of this nation —even that of the world—according to the interests of a private purpose in lieu of a public purpose. The heavy toll upon the nation of the ensuing debacle is evidenced in part in the loss of four billions of dollars per month in national income.

Giant banking superstructures such as those organized in the Detroit area coerced the management of unit banks, organized pools and trading accounts for market operations, padded their assets, falsified their statements to

the general public, and declared huge unearned dividends as a matter of policy in order to "bolster" public confidence and cover up their unsound condition.

To climax these operations, we must add, the investment departments of our commercial banks have accepted funds from trusting clients and placed them in securities of which they and their affiliates were the sponsors.

In the light of these facts, the national and state banking holidays are a mere matter of arrested developments. There is strong evidence that, under the cloak of "dollar diplomacy," our big commercial bankers have stuffed the portfolios of their small interior correspondents with worthless foreign securities, as well as flooded the country generally; that they have employed sons of the presidents of borrowing nations while negotiating loans and underwriting flotations, salvaged their own loans while misrepresenting the facts in their underwriting statements, and become recreant in demanding that sinking funds be maintained for the protection of the American investing public. They have not hesitated at misinforming the public with respect to the financial condition of the foreign governments and corporations whose securities they were floating; nor have they hesitated to become "construction contractors" making successful bids on projects they have sponsored in order to reap added private gains. Finally, the Department of State has been shown to have dangerously approached the point of passing on the merit of foreign securities.

HERETOFORE we had been told that "little" bankers were incompetent operators of "holes in the wall." Now events seem to show that in many instances even "big" bankers cannot be entirely trusted to handle "other people's money" without rigid supervision.

Huge deals running into the millions are "noted" only in the "minds" or on "confidential memoranda," not in the minute books of banks and corporations. Probably never are these facts and underlying purposes revealed to stockholders to whom these men should be accountable, nor are they made known to the general public when floating security issues.

We are often led to believe from the testimony that the recipients of large salaries, fees, bonuses, and commissions spend the greater part of their time either spending their income and organizing personal corporations for "tax purposes" or running or participating in "pools," "syndicates," "trading accounts," etc., to *support* the market.

Holes in existing laws have been exposed, calling for their prompt plugging. The sievelike character of the income-tax laws has been revealed.

On the other hand, the lack of regulatory legislation has consigned "lawless" banking to the "banker's code of ethics," according to which bankers apportion the field into noncompetitive areas, as was, for instance, testified to in railroad financing. This same practice over in the commercial field may likewise be made to serve their purpose by restricting credit alternatives with the ultimate capture, even destruction, of profitable and legitimate enterprises to the detriment of security holders and the general public.

Ethics *may* be better than law—but who has the temerity to teach a *higher* code to some bankers?

Elsewhere I have dealt with the provisions of the Banking Act of 1933. Here it suffices if I call attention only to the fact that the above act provides for the separation of the securities affiliates from commercial banking, contains restrictions against the making of loans for speculative purposes, eliminates interest on demand deposits, and lastly has set into motion federal machinery for the insurance of bank deposits. This latter provision, in my estimation, is the most valuable contribution of the act and will necessitate a far more thorough and rigid examination of commercial banking than we have

U. & U. photo

Senator
DUNCAN U.
FLETCHER
of Florida

SENATOR FLETCHER SAYS—

The vicious practices uncovered in this investigation must be eliminated.

The restoration of confidence needed goes farther than individual and corporate practices. The need extends even unto state and federal government.

Investigation shows that the feeling of trusteeship has come to be very rare in financial circles. The acts of financial crooks and racketeers make it plain that efforts must be made to safeguard legitimate depositors and investors.

Our big commercial bankers have salvaged their own loans while misrepresenting facts. They have not hesitated at misinforming the public.

Holes in existing laws have been exposed, calling for their prompt plugging. The sievelike character of the income-tax laws has been revealed. Ethics may be better than law—but who has the temerity to teach a higher code to some bankers?

Opponents of the Securities Act really wish to be left free to do as they have done in the past.

Exposure may be a hazard to people with low resistance

They may take the obvious precautions, such as avoiding crowds, bundling up and wearing rubbers when they go outdoors. But do they think of the *other* kind of protection they need? Are they doing anything to build up their *inner* forces? What are they doing *to increase their resistance?*

People should not wait until *after* they are sick to think about their physical condition. The time for them to build up a reserve is *while they are well!* This is a modern idea of advance protection which has taken strong hold among thoughtful people.

And they have found a convenient, pleasant way to practice it. By using a special resistance-builder every day—*Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D!*

Squibb Adex tablets offer the important factors which help build up good general resistance—Vitamins A and D. These are the vitamins for which so many physicians recommend halibut- and cod-liver oils with Viosterol.

But people who do not like to take the oils prefer to obtain Vitamins A and D with *Adex*. They are so pleasant to take! And they are the *only* tablets made from *three* important vitamin sources.

People who begin with Adex should make it a point to keep it up *regularly every day*. Results are worth it. The regular use of *Adex* adds to comfort and efficiency all winter.

Now—at any reliable drug store—Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

ever had. As a direct result of this supervision I expect many of the abuses and malpractices of former banking to be done away with.

Some of the facts brought out by the committee with respect to income taxes are fantastic. One multi-millionaire has paid no income taxes in the United States for three years, even though he paid income taxes in England. This, he pointed out, was due to the difference between the British and the American laws. Another avoided income taxes by "selling" securities to his daughter at a lower price than they cost him. She was not at the time aware of the fact that she had become the purchaser. Not a cent of money passed in the transaction. A little later, on the same terms, these same securities were put back in the father's name.

Still another, as I recall, went into the tax-avoidance business on a wholesale scale. He organized three American and three Canadian corporations. Through a circuitous route he helped them legally avoid payment of taxes to the United States Treasury, despite the fact that he later covered these funds into one corporation. In addition, we found these corporations financing and functioning in a wider capacity in the investment, banking, and stock-speculation fields.

Another individual, through the creation of "living trusts" for members of his family—managed by himself—together with transactions for both his and their account, was able to sell the market short in one account, borrow from another on the note of the first, carry for years a short position with a tremendous potential profit, suspend the payment of taxes and stand the chance in the end of avoiding them entirely. Others executed similar transactions between themselves and their wives, with substantially the same results as that between daughter and father.

THE fallacy of the law lies in its treating speculative gains and losses on a basis of equality with legitimate profits and losses. One is lost or gained by gambling in the wares of stock and commodity exchanges, whereas the other must be put in the category of legitimate profits and losses of capital assets and legitimate income. To me it is inconceivable that capital arbitrarily shrinks in December and recovers its attractiveness at the end of an arbitrarily fixed, subsequent sixty- or ninety-day period. In my estimation such transactions are a gambling connivance, entered into for the deliberate legal avoidance of taxes, economically and socially vicious in their effects; the losses of which should be neither cushioned nor compensated for by the government taxing policies. The gain from such transactions should at least be appropriated to the same extent as are legitimate transactions, if not further penalized. Such transactions are wholly vicious and should be exterminated.

"Bear raiding" and "bulling" the market are advocated as a corrective purgative. It is common knowledge, however, that during the boom years of 1928 and '29 the quoted prices of securities were almost incredible. Testimony before this committee reveals both the "why" and the "how." The "why" is found in the enormous profits garnered by operators in the market. The "how" is arrived at by viewing the parade of pools, syndicates, trading accounts, etc., testified to by participants called before this committee. These individuals, working mostly under cover of secrecy, aided through campaigns of the most vicious type of misrepresentation and misinformation, and aided through being able to work with other people's money, manipulated the market up and down until the prices of securities reached on the Exchange bore no discoverable relation to the value of the properties represented. The market was "churned," "supported," "stabilized," "depressed," "revived," "sagged," "recovered" in the course of developing a speculative mania.

WHEREAS the existence of such operations had been denied by officials of the New York Stock Exchange, subsequent testimony before this committee has established the fact that all these types of transactions were indulged in by individuals both off and having membership on the Exchange. Even specialists on the floor managed trading accounts, pools, etc., in the very stocks for which they were acting as specialists.

Since the passage of the Securities Act the business of underwriting securities does not look so attractive as it did to many of the fiscal agents. The reason is that the security holders, prospective security holders, the general public, and the government must know the facts—the truth. Above all they must know who gets the money and upon what terms he gets it.

The Securities Act was designed to protect the public from paying $52 per share for 20-cent stock as a result of misinformation. Knowing the facts, it may, if it wishes, pay from $50 to $75 per share for 20-cent stock, or condone preferred lists. Nevertheless, it must have the facts in advance of its commitment. There will be no difficulty experienced in raising long-time funds on the part of legitimate enterprises which are guided by honesty and good faith. At the present time there is reason to believe that industry has been amply, even extravagantly financed. The trouble now, in part at least, even if it exists at all, is to find new industries offering safe and sound investment opportunities justifying credit.

To stockholders of those existing corporations alleged to be in need of new financing or refinancing, whose present officials and directors have refused to authorize such financing, my advice is—get a new set of officers and directors who will state and subscribe to the facts.

Opponents of the Securities Act

really wish to be left free to do as they have done in the past. They magnify penalties—as if the act would be worth anything without the penalties! They quail at the liability imposed. They seem to like scenic directors.

"The attention of government and of the general public must focus on worthless short selling, as it presently will assume alarming proportions."

In my opinion, Congress has ample legislative power, and a correlative duty to exercise that power, for the passage of proper regulatory stock-exchange legislation. The line of demarcation between stock-exchange regulations and that of the recently enacted Securities Act is relatively indistinct. For this reason I am not clear in my own mind just how close together the administration of these two pieces of legislation should be.

I am of the firm conviction, however, that some permanent body should be created with which all pertinent stock-exchange information should be filed, either directly or subject to its call, particularly the compulsory registration of all pools, syndicates, trading accounts, etc., together with the names of all participants and subparticipants, as well as a weekly report of the activities in behalf of such accounts.

TO point out some of the possible correctives:

First of all I suggest that the monetary policy of this nation be administered by the federal government, wholly independent of the control of speculators, bankers, and all vested interests. The sound recovery for which all constructive interests and interested persons are striving is a more substantial and healthier recovery than that which can be produced as a result of frenzied finance. An increased demand for products and services and sound securities is needed. Misinformation, rigging the market, and other customary practices of the past must not be tolerated.

Officials and directors ought to be prohibited by law from dealing in the securities of the corporation with which they are connected or affiliated. This kind of thing in the past has been scandalous, morally wrong, and injurious to the proper marketing or handling of securities. The broker can do comparatively little without the protection of bank or company officials who either control the supply of securities or the funds to create the demand for them. The broker acts on orders.

I believe there should be legislation requiring every company, corporation, or association to have its transfer books open to every qualified stockholder, so that, should any stockholder want to know who his associates or partners in the business are, he could obtain a full or partial list. The average stockholder knows practically nothing of what is going on and has no way of expressing his views to his fellow stockholders.

THE END

Sound advice from
STOOPNAGLE and BUDD
They give a tip to every radio listener
1
COLONEL, HERE'S A LETTER FROM A WOMAN WHO SAYS YOU HAVE A BAD VOICE, BUT IT'S NO WORSE THAN ANYBODY ELSE'S
GREAT—IN THAT CASE MY VOICE IS JUST AS GOOD AS THE GREATEST SINGER ON THE AIR
CBS
2
COLONEL, BE SERIOUS—THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH HER RADIO
RIGHT YOU ARE—I BET IT'S DISCONNECTED
CBS
3
SO YOU'RE READING MY LETTER, ARE YOU? WELL, I'LL TELL YOU. MY SET'S NOT DISCONNECTED
COLONEL, I THINK THIS WOMAN NEEDS NEW RADIO TUBES
SOUND ADVICE, BUDD—TO MAKE HER RADIO SOUND RIGHT SHE SHOULD REPLACE WORN-OUT TUBES
NEW TUBES—I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT. MINE ARE OVER A YEAR OLD . . . I'LL HAVE THEM TESTED
5 3 DAYS LATER—ON THE AIR AGAIN
HERE'S THAT LADY AGAIN. I BET SHE SAYS YOUR VOICE IS WORSE
BUDD, I'M ALL CHOKED UP. JUST LISTEN: "I GOT A WHOLE NEW SET OF MICRO-SENSITIVE RCA RADIO TUBES . . NOW I HEAR EVERY PROGRAM FINE"
CBS
New! MICRO-SENSITIVE
RADIO TUBES by
RCA
with 5
great advances:
1 Quicker Start
2 Quieter Operation
3 Uniform Volume
4 Uniform Performance
5 Every Tube is Matched
MADE IN
2A5
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RCA Cunningham Radiotron
TO GIVE YOU MORE RADIO PLEASURE
Accept no substitutes! Get the genuine Micro-Sensitive RCA Radio Tubes with 5 great advances that will really put new life in your set. Only the new RCA Radio Tubes are guaranteed by RCA Radiotron Co., Inc., to give you these 5 great improvements. Have your dealer replace worn-out tubes today with these amazing new RCA radio tubes.
RCA Cunningham Radiotron RADIO TUBES

HUMOR, HUMANITY, HOKUM

The Misses Blondell and Robson Appear in New Engaging Performances; Miriam Hopkins and Lionel Barrymore Haven't Enough to Do

By BEVERLY HILLS

(Reading time: 7 minutes 20 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good. 3 stars, excellent. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER

THE PLAYERS: Joan Blondell, Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell, Allen Jenkins, Eugene Pallette, Gordon Westcott, Henry O'Neill, Hobart Cavanaugh, Renée Whitney, and others. Directed by Ray Enright.

I've Got Your Number is one of those fast journalistically written comedies which Warner Brothers, probably because they have made so many of them, still do better than any other company in Hollywood. Part of the excitement in the picture springs from the situation of a telephone operator (Joan Blondell) accused of helping to engineer a bond robbery and in love with a lineman (Pat O'Brien) who tries to exonerate her by wire-tapping and other simple scientific maneuvers.

Part of it, like past Warner Brothers triumphs dealing with investigating gangsters, doctors, dry-goods stores, taxi drivers, automobile racers, reporters, lawyers, and what not, springs from a very well documented background.

The formula for these pictures is fairly simple: a few episodes illustrating the more entertaining side of the occupation under scrutiny, in this case the switchboard and repair-service branch of the telephone business; a superficially complicated but basically kindergarten narrative; and dialogue peppered with jargon of the variety used by characters in H. T. Webster's They Don't Speak Our Language. There is one more important ingredient:

Joan Blondell, who is about as smart about extracting laughs from obvious situations and ordinary lines as any actress in Hollywood.

I've Got Your Number lives up to the requirements of its class. It is not likely to be one of the box-office champions of 1934, but it is definitely worth seeing because it is fast, informative, and funny.

Good sequence: Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins breaking up a phony séance by wire-tapping.

★★ YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING

THE PLAYERS: May Robson, Jean Parker, Lewis Stone, Mary Forbes, Reginald Mason, William Bakewell, Tad Alexander, Walter Walker, Reginald Barlow, Claude Gillingwater. Directed by Charles F. Reisner.

This is a picture with an idea behind it. The idea is that money can buy *(Continued on page thirty)*

Pat O'Brien and Joan Blondell in a scene from the fast-moving comedy picture, I've Got Your Number.

May Robson as the penny-pinching Hannah Bell, the world's richest woman, in You Can't Buy Everything.

BRIDES... *because they made themselves lovelier than* other girls

Mrs. William Walsh, recent bride, of Richmond Hill, L. I.

Mrs. Richard McAdow, of New York City, a bride of last September

Jean Parker

LOVELY M.G.M. STAR,

like 9 out of 10 other Hollywood stars, uses Lux Toilet Soap to keep her skin youthfully appealing. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap is magic for the skin! I use it faithfully, for it keeps my complexion exactly as I like it—velvety smooth, clear and fresh!"

Hollywood's Beauty Secret *wins again!*

HERE IS PROOF positive that the girl with a radiantly lovely complexion always wins in the game of hearts!

These two girls (now happy brides) realized how imperative a soft, clear skin is. They turned to Hollywood for advice. "Use Lux Toilet Soap as we do," said Hollywood's stars. So they adopted this complexion care.

Mrs. McAdow says: "When the screen stars say that *any* girl can win greater loveliness with Lux Toilet Soap, I felt I owed it to myself to follow their advice. I'll never use any other beauty care."

Mrs. Walsh says: "It's so significant to me that so many Hollywood actresses use Lux Toilet Soap that now I use it to keep my skin exquisitely lovely."

The irresistible charm of a complexion all men admire can be *yours.* Start today to use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. Prove to yourself how much lovelier you can be!

Scientists Explain—

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."

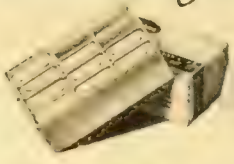
For EVERY Type of Skin...*dry*...*oily*...*"in-between"*

makes

FEMININE

HYGIENE

Easy



EVERY DAY, more and more women are adopting Norforms as the easiest, most convenient and satisfactory form of feminine hygiene.

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing, antiseptic film over delicate membranes and tissue. Norforms contain Parahydrecin—a powerful new antiseptic developed by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, makers of *Unguentine*. Parahydrecin kills germs, yet is harmless to tissue. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

Norforms require no apparatus for application. They are dainty and feminine, and actually deodorizing. Many fastidious women use them for this purpose alone. Buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. Or, send for Norform booklet, "The New Way", by Dr. M.W. Stofer for further facts.

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KNOWN TO PHYSICIANS AS VAGIFORMS

The Norwich Pharmacal Company
Dept. 33, Norwich, New York
Please send me Dr. Stofer's booklet in plain envelope. I want to know more about "The New Way."

*Name*_____

Address

Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, Helen Mack, and George Raft in All of Me.

(Continued from page twenty-eight)
everything except love and friendship. It may have occurred to the authors of You Can't Buy Everything that some members of their audiences might have encountered this theory before, possibly in their copy books, but if any such debilitating suspicion arose it was rapidly dismissed. You Can't Buy Everything attacks its theme with a fine fresh vigor only to be explained by the fact that the people concerned with making it felt that they were on the track of something important and entirely new. In order to be sure that no one missed the point, they put the picture's moral in the title. This, to be sure, was a little like having a conjurer show you before he starts his trick where he hides the rabbit that will presently emerge from his silk hat, but neither Director Reisner nor his cast regards it as a handicap. They work up to their moral with extraordinary and deliberate emphasis, and produce it finally with the naïve and embarrassing pleasure of some one telling a joke to a roomful of people without being aware that all of them have heard it.

The heroine of You Can't Buy Everything is Hannah Bell (May Robson), the richest woman in the world. She sends her son to the charity hospital when he is injured, and darns his breeches for him in the squalid lodgings where they live. Out of respect for the suspense with which the authors of You Can't Buy Everything believe their story to be invested, it would be inappropriate to reveal here how Hannah Bell comes to know that there are nicer pastimes in the world than pinching pennies, or to tell about her dealings with an old admirer whom she has hated all her life because he jilted her on her wedding day. The scene of the picture is New York; the time, 1891 to the panic of 1907. The period atmosphere is interesting and May Robson somehow makes her portrait of old Hannah Bell a sharp, engaging likeness, full of humor and humanity.

★★ ALL OF ME

THE PLAYERS: Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, George Raft, Helen Mack, Nella Walker, William Collier, Sr., Gilbert Emery, and others. Directed by James Flood and Thomas Mitchell.

Among the abilities that make Miriam Hopkins superior to most of her Hollywood competitors is that of giving the impression that she engages in thought without scratching her nose or putting on a troubled frown. Her contribution to All of Me unfortunately ends with this, because the picture does not give her much chance to do any more. She is a scatterbrained girl of polite background, engaged to marry an engineer, but reluctant to do it because it means going out to Arizona, where the plumbing facilities are a national rather than a private convenience.

By accident she and her fiancé (Fredric March) run across a pair of underworld peewees (George Raft and Helen Mack). From her casual connection with their dramatic and difficult love affair, the heroine of All of Me picks up a little valuable knowledge of what to do about her own.

A story about such a pair of parallel romances might have been worked into something unusual and exciting, which All of Me is not.

Helen Mack gives the stand-out acting job in All of Me. She transforms one sequence, in which she, Raft, and Hopkins are cowering in a hotel room while a policeman hammers on the door, from a melodramatic scare head into a memorable and honest scene.

★½ THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN

THE PLAYERS: Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter, Mae Clark, Tom Brown, Una Merkel, Mary Carlisle, Onslow Stevens, Henry Wadsworth, Eddie Nugent, C. Henry Gordon, Dickie Moore. Directed by William K. Howard.

At the risk of giving too much space to what seemed to this department a fairly feeble moving picture, it may be time for one more short dissertation on the talents and tribulations of the Barrymore family. About three years ago, when he appeared on the verge of turning into a superannuated Hollywood hack, Lionel Bar-

Eddie Nugent and Mae Clark in a scene from This Side of Heaven.

rymore took notice of the fact that talkies were likely to be worth his trouble to act in.

In a picture called A Free Soul, which was also notable because it brought Clark Gable into the public eye, he gave a superb performance as a drunken criminal lawyer.

A Free Soul restored Barrymore's prestige in the movie industry, with what turned out in some respects to be unfortunate consequences. He has given so many excellent characterizations since then that he is now regarded as capable of carrying a production by himself. The result of this condition seems to be that whenever he is named for a rôle, director, dialogue writers, and producers feel that their responsibility is over. In several of his last pictures Barrymore has not had a chance to do much more than exhibit his benign look and his belch.

In This Side of Heaven even the belch is missing, and so, as far as this department is concerned, is the customary comment that the picture is worth seeing for Barrymore's performance. He does about as well with the part of Martin Turner as anybody could, but the film for almost any actor would represent a sort of white man's burden and Barrymore's efforts to give it a piggyback ride are a failure.

It is one more of those homely little comedies about a self-sacrificing business man hopefully struggling against odds that include a dishonest partner, a devoted but inconsiderate wife (Fay Bainter), a collegiate son (Tom Brown) who steals his father's hats, and a pair of daughters (Mary Carlisle and Mae Clark) whose behavior is apparently based on the notion that it is their business to be a nuisance to their friends and parents.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Little Women, The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square.

★★★ — Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo, Wife Traders, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy the Next Best Thing.

● *"Goodness — what a day I've had! And now, imagine — got to take off my own socks and shoes! Work — work — work! . . . Lucky I'm always in the pink-and-white of condition."*

● *"Now — let's see — do I pull or push? Pull, I guess. Yeave-ho!... Nope — didn't work! Guess I'd better pull in the other direction. Oh, dear — I'm getting hot and cross! . . . Get ready with that Johnson's Baby Powder, Mom!"*

● *"Oops! There she comes! Pretty smart of me to figure that out! Now for the other foot. And then — oh, boy! — my bath and a Johnson's Baby Powder rub-down! And I want to say this to every mother listening in . . .*

● *"Try different baby powders between your thumb and finger. You'll find some powders are gritty — but Johnson's is so soft and smooth you can't believe it! And it hasn't any zinc-stearate in it, nor orris-root. My doctor said so!"*

. . .

Send 10c in coin for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Baby Soap and Baby Cream. Dept. 142, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Johnson & Johnson

JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER

And Once More—

A Heart-to-Heart Talk on America's Annual Headache

(Reading time: 9 minutes 10 seconds.)

If you are the head of a powerful corporation you can hire lawyers to put your fortune where the tax cannot touch it

ON March 4 we celebrate the anniversary of the New Deal; on March 15 we pay the first installment of the New Deal's repurchase of America from the Wall Street Indians in the form of income tax; and two weeks later, most appropriately, we celebrate All Fools' Day.

Of course, if you extracted a couple of millions from the Coolidge stock market and salted it away in tax-exempt bonds you needn't worry. The law rolls off your bank roll. If you are a big-business man or the head of a powerful corporation you can hire a couple of smart lawyers to put your fortune where neither moths nor tax collectors can touch it, or you can pass the tax on to your customers. But if you are so unfortunate as to be just an ordinary citizen with a wife and family to support, or a day laborer, you can't escape. You've got to pay the freight for the whole country.

You pay the taxes which the big-business men pass on to you in the cost of groceries and underwear. You have to pay your doctor, your dentist, and your lawyer, and so pay their taxes. As for the income tax, you can't hire an expert accountant, you don't keep very good books, and you don't command the services of high-priced lawyers.

So you pay. And if you don't, Uncle Sam cracks down on you. He has got you coming and going. It is a criminal offense for your employer to conceal the fact that he is paying you a taxable income. It's a criminal offense for you not to file a return. It's a criminal offense for you knowingly to file a false tax return. All of your returns, year by year, are kept on record in the Income Tax Bureau, and if you make a slip at any time they may suddenly crack down on you and demand details and explanations and affidavits concerning something which happened years ago and which you have entirely forgotten.

If you earn a decent living and do confess it, you are immediately subject to a heavy fine, levied according to the curious idea that you must pay the government this year for the food you ate, the clothes you wore, and the pleasures and pains you had last year.

The whole system is cuckoo! Nobody would object to paying taxes for the support of the government if those taxes were collected at the time when he had the money. Your income tax is the only tax which the government does not catch at the time when you actually have the money in your hand.

Uncle Sam has decided that you must pay him in one big annual or four big quarterly lumps, long, long after you have spent the income for which he is taxing you. If you were flush last year and are broke this year, it's just too bad. All you can do is throw yourself on the mercy of the government. If you were broke last year but flush this year, the government gets nothing (which is foolish) until next year, when you may be broke again.

This year the government needs money worse than ever before and the income-tax unit is getting ready to wring it out of everybody who has any. Your only hope is to come clean, shoot the works, and hope that the deputy collector in your district is a family man himself. If he is, he may let you off easily. If not, you may find yourself headed for Leavenworth or Atlanta.

However, to give the tax collector a chance to give you a break, you've got to play the game according to the rules. Don't try to cover up anything. Slap down, as near as you can guess it, every last cent you received as income. If you don't, there's always the chance that the government will get the figure from your employer or your banker. Then, having given yourself away to the government, see how much you can take back again—always being careful to pay the government something if your figures come out anywhere near the dead line.

Put in for every cent of deduction to which you believe yourself entitled. Give yourself the benefit of every doubt—if *you* don't, Uncle Sam won't.

The first hurdle you've got to get over is the idea that the personal exemption for yourself, your wife, and your dependents is the only exemption to which you are entitled. Under the law, if you know how to work it, you can take out everything but the kitchen stove. But don't be too greedy, as was a small-town Ohio banker who claimed a loss of $400,000 on his bank stock. He proved the loss all right, but then the collector asked him where he got the money to buy the stock in the first place. He said he had made it in real-estate operations between 1918 and 1924. They checked up on his returns for that year and found that during those years he had claimed he was suffering from dire poverty. He paid.

And don't be too mean. The income-tax unit is still horrified over the recent attempt made by a New York woman to have a bank clerk discharged from his job because of a fifteen-dollar mistake he made in working out her tax, when she had a tax-exempt income of $60,000 a year. They can't get her yet; but when they do get the legal right to tax her income, they will go after her like a dog after a rabbit.

Begin by taking all the loopholes you can locate in the tax law. You are allowed to subtract from your total income business and professional expenses of all sorts—salaries, postage, telephone and telegraph, light and heat, expenses of operating a car for business purposes, a fair share of the wages of servants employed in taking care of your office if you have one, etc., etc.

You are allowed to subtract all reasonable expenses for business trips (blondes not included), all your taxes, all

The Income Tax

But if you are just an ordinary citizen with a family to support, you cannot escape. You've got to pay the freight

By JAY FRANKLIN

CARTOONS BY H. R. McBRIDE

interest payable on mortgages, loans, notes, and debts, including interest on installment purchases. If you own a house you are entitled to deduct depreciation on the property—say about 5 per cent on the value of a house built to last twenty years, provided the house is used for business purposes; and if you use your automobile in your business you can claim depreciation on that too. Don't forget amusement tax and gasoline tax when you are working out your tax deductions, and don't forget Blue Book ratings when you are working out depreciation on your car. You can deduct the value of any property which was stolen from you or destroyed in an accident, minus insurance. Alimony received, and pay from any local government are not taxable.

Go to it! Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and many other eminent and highly respectable bankers paid no income tax in 1930, 1931, and 1932. Their lawyers and political representatives had arranged the law so that the wealthiest men in America paid nothing when the government needed their money the most. The law is loaded against *you* and you'll be lucky to escape with your skin. Even your great "champions" of soaking-the-rich are more often than not men who have salted away their money in tax-exempt bonds, and the Treasury holds that it will take a Constitutional Amendment to get them. Do you notice a loud demand in Congress for such a Constitutional Amendment? You do not!

If you're going to get a break, you've got to fight. After you have put in for all your deductions, sit down and write a nice long folksy letter to the Collector of Internal Revenue, explaining exactly why you have taken off this and that item. Send in that letter attached to your tax return. Tell him your whole sad story—how your daughter had her appendix out, how you had to sacrifice your cash reserve to save your home from foreclosure, how your creditors are treating you rough, and how every single thing you have to buy, from soap to neckties, has been jacked up by the price-chiselers and industrial gyppers of the NRA.

Go ahead and tell the collector your troubles honestly, not as a hard-luck story, but so he can get a picture of what you are up against when you have to pay a cash tax out of a dwindling income which is already mortgaged to the hilt by debts and rising prices. There are over two million of you income-tax payers, and only a few hundred men available in the income-tax unit to read, check, and examine all your statements.

Don't let any one tell you that you are unpatriotically obstructing the law. The law is also obstructing you, and if you give the collector the facts you will help him make the law more humane and workable.

And at the end of your letter add three simple requests:

First, demand an end to the legal issuance of tax-exempt securities. If there is going to be any income tax at all, it ought to apply to all sources of income. There is no justice in making you, who earn every cent you get and have to work damned hard for it, pay a tax, when there are plenty of powerful and wealthy men who don't pay a nickel.

Second, demand the right to pay your tax in monthly installments. Congress can easily amend the law so that it will be easier and more convenient for you to pay it. Most of you live on a monthly budget. You buy your housing, your automobile, your radio, and your washing machine on a monthly basis. You aren't a corporation with a quarterly dividend, and there's no reason why the government should treat you as though you were.

And third, demand that the government collect the tax just before you get the income, by a graduated tax on pay rolls, salary checks, dividends, and bond coupons. Don't let any one tell you that such a tax would be harder to collect. It would be easier, because there are fewer employers than there are employees. The sales tax is bad business because it begins at the wrong end and hits everybody, rich or poor, about equally. It takes no account of the man who has little money to spend on necessities. A graduated tax, based on the weekly rate of pay and the number of dependents of the wage earner, collected on pay rolls and salaries and such, would automatically end the perjury and desperation of small taxpayers and would give the government a steady current income.

IF, in addition to all that, the government wishes to punish a man for earning more than a certain amount of money, let it send out special surtax forms to the upper bracketeers of the income group.

But the whole point of the protest against the present law is that it is clumsy, stupid, and unscientific to pay this year for what you had last year. The government never knows what it is going to get and you never know what you are going to pay until it is all over and you have spent the money.

Since the taxpayer is the man who pays the freight, it would be good business to consult his convenience instead of chasing him like a fugitive slave across the financial landscape. This year he's going to be asked to pay $100,000,000 more to the government than he was last year. If he does, the government has got to help him do it.

The taxpayer is the forgotten man except on March 15. It would be easier for all concerned if he were remembered every pay day and not treated as though it were a criminal offense for him to maintain a home and support a family.

THE END

Help

executive ability; petent; knowledge al years; varied ex- W 957 Star.

EPER, neat appear- ined, rapid typist. s diversified experi- ences. O 1016 Star.

ve ability; 7 years' e; knowledge of book- ; moderate salary.

nographer, assistant diversified, commer- erences. MOhegan

ST. Christian, high ble correspondent: 1010, Star.

keeper, typist; ca- diversified experi- efficient. Wind-

t, bookkeeper; neat versatile; execu- g; references. O

PIANO TEACHER to take charge of studio out of town. Must be able to take complete charge of pupils ranging between 5 and 14. Harmon, 3375 West 15th St.

STENOGRAPHER, typist. Excellent opportunity with large importing house for rapid accurate worker. Experience in same line desirable but not necessary. State salary required and all qualifications in reply. S 136 Star.

WOMAN, young or comparatively young, to take complete charge of gentleman's home. Must be able scientifically to plan diet for boy of seven and take interest in his studies. Woman chosen for this position will not be of ordinary nurse, teacher, or servant type. Intelligence and sympathetic understanding of children more important than intensive training. Attv. small sub. home all mod. impts. No wshng, or clng. Please give comprehensive outline covering background, previous employment, if any, salary expected, etc., etc. W 874 Star.

MODEL wanted, size 14, attractive and refined, for high class dr... to society trade. Expe... ply Needleman B...

COMPOSITOR, re... lock-up; experie... CH 639 America...

ELECTRICIAN... all around, alt... maintenance... st. Richm...

ELECTRICIA... tory and plan... Karcher.

ELECTRICIA... anywhere, day... Higate St.

ELECTH... printin... 1776 F...

ELECT... perie... 2-85...

EL... Mu...

EN... ex... R...

(Reading time: 18 minutes 5 seconds.)

I have had a child of my own. My own bab

DEAR W 874:

You don't want much, do you? "Comprehensive outline covering background, previous employment, if any, salary expected, etc., etc." You expect me to tell you all the personal private details about myself, not knowing but what you may be that brute that trumped my ace last night at the Paxtons'. You want to know all about me, and all I know about you is that you're masquerading behind a box number and that you have a boy of seven. Well, why shouldn't you have a boy of seven? There are a lot of seven-year-olds running around these days—1926 wasn't a closed season for babies. Quite a few of 'em are probably motherless.

Unless I lose my courage I'll write you a perfectly proper letter in a minute. But I've spoiled this beginning, so I may as well ramble on for a while before I tear up this sheet and throw it in the wastebasket. Have you ever noticed how voluble you become when you have a pen and paper in your hand and you're lonesome enough to die? Keep me shut up alone long enough, and I'd develop into a second Mme. de Staël.

Age—um! Did you ask my age? No, you didn't out and out *ask* it, but you want to know it all the same. "Young or comparatively young." I'm *comparatively*. I'm twenty-eight. That might be positively young for some people, but me! My dear unknown! If the depression had begun one year sooner than it did, I'd be as old as the Pyramids and the Sphinx combined by now.

"Background." You want to know my background. You *would!* Shall we say a finishing school, and for good measure shall we add a very romantic marriage at the ripe age of seventeen? Would you like that as a background for that mother by proxy you're looking for? You're an old pedant, W 874. You'd rather poison your grandmother than split an infinitive, and you think you're G. B. Shaw or somebody and future generations of school kids may have to parse your sentences. I *hate* men like you. I know all about 'em and I hate 'em.

I'll build myself the kind of a background I think you want. Finishing school is all right, I suppose. And the marriage—oh, sure, we'll put in the marriage, only we won't say it occurred at seventeen, and we'll leave out what happened to it later. Men aren't as much afraid of married women as they are of single ones. The conceited asses think the mere fact of some man's marrying you gives you a cachet of harmlessness and respectability. So— Let me see! I am a widow. That's all you need know about me, you old busybody. And I kept house for six years. That ought to get you. Some man ate my cooking for six long years and it didn't kill him—or maybe you'll think it did. Too bad about you if you do. *I am a widow, twenty-eight years old. For six years I did all the housework in my own home.* So much for that, W 874. Like it or not. It happens to be true.

I love children.

I've been answering ads as truthfully as if I'd been sworn before a judge.

Wanted

A Chronicle of Human Hearts, and Laughs All Tangled Up with Tears

By

FAITH ELLEN SMITH

Illustrations by
CARL PFEUFER

ittle girl, died at the age of one year.

I can see you peering through your spectacles at that. You think I'm trying to get on the good side of you by saying it. You think I'm lying. Brother, if you could see me sitting here with the tears running down my neck and off the end of my nose, you'd know I was telling you the truth. What we don't know when we're twenty would fill a library. Somebody ought to shut us up somewhere until we get to be thirty or so, and prevent our doing the things we'll be sorry for all the rest of our lives.

I love children. Take it or leave it. And if you doubt me, I hope some day you'll be crying as I am now.

I have had a child of my own. Shall I tell you about that? You'd probably be impressed. Come out like a man. Sign yourself Bill Jones or Tom Blake or something, and I will. I'll say it anyway. *My own baby, a little girl, died at the age of one year.* Probably you'll totter up on your rheumatic legs and clap your veined old hands with joy when you read that I've been the mother of a little girl. For more than a year I've been answering ads as truthfully as if I'd been sworn before a judge and jury—and not one person has had the decency to send me as much as a Christmas card. I'll try lying for a change, and you'll probably think I'm wonderful.

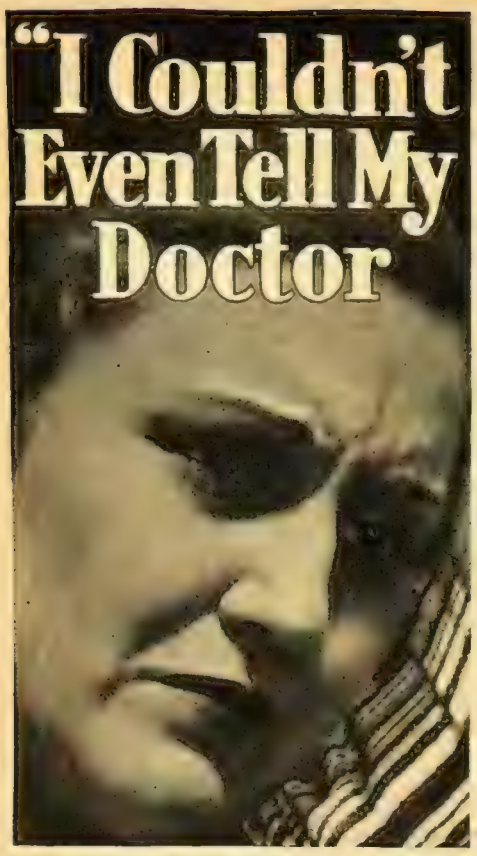
What else do you want to know?

"No wshng. or clng." What makes you think women don't like "wshng. or clng.," you old stuffed-shirt? Right now I'd kiss a broom handle if it grew on my own broom. I'd get down on my knees and give thanks for my own floor to scrub. If I were washing a little pair of rompers—Enough of that! Let's get back to our, as our French cousins so quaintly put it, muttons.

"Previous employment, if any."

"Listen, brother! I've been thinking—Lord, *how* I've been thinking!—for four years. And I've arrived at one profound truth all by my own dumb little self. Maybe somebody else had the same idea, and wrote it somewhere, but if they did I didn't read it. There are some women that just naturally aren't expected to have any employment except one. Mother Nature

Do you know what the Paxtons served? Highballs and teeny little sandwiches.



the Torture I Suffered"

An affliction I had to bear in silence, it was so embarrassing!

IS THERE anything more painful than Hemorrhoids, or more frankly, Piles? The suffering is well nigh inexpressible and the sad part of it is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet nothing is more crushing or more fraught with danger than a bad case of Piles!

Yet blessed relief today is to be had in Pazo Ointment. Threefold in effect, Pazo supplies the treatment needed. It is (1) *soothing*, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. It is (2) *healing*, which repairs the torn tissue. It is (3) *absorbing*, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Put up in a Collapsible Tube, with Detachable Pile Pipe, Pazo may be correctly applied, high up in the rectum where it will thoroughly cover all affected parts. (Pazo also comes packed in tins.)

Try it FREE! Pazo is sold by all drug stores, but a liberal trial tube is free for the asking. Simply mail a postcard or the coupon below. Satisfy yourself of the needlessness of suffering. Paris Medicine Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Paris Medicine Co.
Dept. 18-L-3, St. Louis, Mo. **FREE**

Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, your liberal free trial size of PAZO Ointment.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

hasn't destined them to take care of themselves. She's just made them, without any brains to speak of, and given them beautiful faces, and set them adrift. The idea being that every man that sees them will say to himself:

"Here's a dear helpless little darling. I must take care of her, and give her everything her little heart desires, and keep her from knowing what the big bad world is like."

So maybe he does it, or tries to, and the little darling, not knowing what the big bad world is like, is dead set to go and find out. Just to prove to herself how smart she is, she probably has to find out about the stock market, too. And when she does find out how smart she is, it's too late to do much about it. And then—*doesn't* Mother Nature's plan bounce up and hit her in the eye! They say, "Here's a dear helpless little darling," all right—but most of 'em want to take care of her in a little apartment on a side street with some name like Jones or Brown or Jackson on the bell. I wish I had a harelip or a receding chin or cross eyes or something. I wish I looked like a prim little librarian or a social worker or something. I wish that brute at the Paxtons' last night would fall off the parapet of his old penthouse and hit on every story as he came down, and break a bone on each one. Not that he was any worse than a lot of others—he just happens to have been the most recent one. . . .

So you have an "attv. small sub. home," have you? And "all mod. impmts."? That's nice. That's just fine and dandy.

If you'd said an apartment I'd never have taken a chance writing to you.

I'll bet you've got a big kitchen and an immense electric refrigerator just stuffed with butter and eggs and milk and big juicy steaks and maybe mushrooms and— Pardon me, old dear! How I *do* run on. I *love* refrigerators—when they're full of things like that. If I saw one now, I think I'd turn pagan and start praying to it. Do you know what the Paxtons served at their bridge party? Highballs and *teeny* little sandwiches—caviar sandwiches. I ate three and firmly said, "No, thank you," to the fourth. That's the disadvantage of a good home environment in childhood! You just naturally can't forget that you're a lady.

Listen, you old plutocrat, with your boy and your "attv. small sub. home"—I can't waste another sheet of my good paper on you. I shall now write you a stiff little note which you, of course, will never answer. You'll expect to find my name nicely signed at the end of it. Well, you won't. You'll find *a* name, and the number of a post-office box. You'll find an alias, that's what you'll find. That's what you've driven me to with your "W 874"—and much you care!

Yours with love and kisses,
Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model
(*alias* Gyp the Blood).

New York City.
May 18.

W 874, N. Y. Times-Herald.
Dear Sir:

In response to your ad in today's paper, I wish to say that I am a widow, aged twenty-eight, graduate of a prominent school for young ladies and conversant with the management of a home, since I did all the work in my own home during the six years that preceded my widowhood.

My baby, a little girl, died at the age of one year. Having had (and lost) a child of my own, I believe that I have that "sympathetic understanding" which you say is your principal requirement.

Salary is of less importance to me than congeniality of surroundings and may, I am sure, be satisfactorily adjusted if you will let me call and see you—at which time I shall be glad to furnish you excellent references.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. L. O. DINWIDDIE,
Westminster Square Station,
P. O. Box 293 New York City.

May 21.

Mrs. L. O. Dinwiddie,
P. O. Box 293,
Westminster Square Station.
Dear Madam:

I shall be glad to talk with you in regard to the position which I advertised in last Sunday's Times-Herald if you will call at my office in the Empire City Building (the number is 1705) at about four tomorrow (Thursday) afternoon.

Very truly yours,
LOUIS O. HAVERFORD.

May 23.

Mrs. L. O. Dinwiddie,
P. O. Box 293,
Westminster Square Station.
Dear Madam:

I wrote you on Wednesday last asking you to call at my office in regard to a position for which you had applied.

Although I received more than a hundred applications, yours in particular aroused my interest.

If you have not secured other employment, may I ask you to call at my office (Suite 1705 in the Empire City Building) at your earliest convenience?

Possibly my earlier note to you failed, through some mischance, to reach you.

Sincerely yours,
LOUIS O. HAVERFORD.

New York City.
May 24.

Mr. Louis O. Haverford,
Suite 1705, Empire City Bldg.
Dear Sir:

I am no longer interested in the po—

Dear Louis:

And they say coincidences don't happen! Out of six million three hundred and something thousand people, *you* had to advertise for a housekeeper and I had to ans—

Louis dearest:

Oh, my darling, I'm so lonely and so tired—so *damn'* tired—of being a fool, and I want to come back, and I'll try, I swear I'll—

Dear Mr.—
Dear Old W 874:

Go to warmer regions! Who do you think you are, ordering me to come to your office when I have the decency and dignity—yes, *decency* and *dignity* and *character*—not to answer your first letter? Well, I'm not going to answer this. That's final. This is the fourth time I've tried, and I just simply can't. I had hysterics all last night, and my hand is shaking so you probably couldn't read this if I sent it. I can't disguise my handwriting when I shake like this. Thank heaven I could when you were just W 874—and did!

You want to say, "I told you so," don't you? You want to look at me and think, "Thin, eh? Looks as if she hadn't been getting any too much to eat." You want to pop questions at me. "What did you do with all that money your lawyers made me hand over to you?" you want to ask. And—"Didn't I always tell you to keep away from the stock market?"

Oh, you'd be polite about it, but I'd know what you were thinking. You were always hipped on the idea that when we do an injustice to some one else it comes right back and hits ourselves. "We only hurt ourselves," you always said. And I begin to think you may have been right. For I was unjust, Louis. I was just a selfish, spoiled, headstrong kid. I *was* the world's biggest fool. But I've changed, my dear. I've grown up. I'd make about the finest wife any man ever had, and the finest mother any little boy ever had, now—now, when it's too late. Because it *is* too late, my darling. I wasn't one of those wild young moderns you read about, really. I was just an old-fashioned one-man girl—and you were the one man. I love you, love you, love—

No, I don't! I hate you—you with your justice, your eternal rightness, your fairness! You were just about the finest, straightest person on earth—and I made a mess of both our lives. So I hate *you*. That's about my speed. I mean, it was my speed five years ago. It isn't now. And because it isn't now, I'm going to stay in the silences and let you be as happy as you can manage to be. Maybe you'll find a wonderful housekeeper who isn't the servant or nurse or teacher type—or *my* type—and fall in love with her and marry her and be happy with her. I *want* to want you to.

What happened to your sister? I thought she was going to look after little Louis always. I suppose the selfish pig went off and married somebody or died or something. Oh, curse you, anyway! You might have let me know where your "attv. small sub. home" is. Then I could have gone out and walked past it, and maybe I'd have seen L—

OFTEN A CRYING CHILD

is crying for help!

SO OFTEN, a child's tears are misunderstood. "All children cry sometimes. It's nothing."

Maybe. *And maybe not.* Many times, the cry of a child is Nature's warning of something wrong.

Act promptly, Mother!

It may be colic due to gas, or sour stomach. It may be the discomfort that precedes a cold. Or *constipation*—which, doctors tell us, affects 90% of all children.

In any case, mother, give your child a laxative. But not a grown-up's laxative—often such laxatives are too strong. Give your child *the child's laxative*—

Fletcher's Castoria

Unlike castor oil and many harsh cathartics, Fletcher's Castoria does not *irritate* the bowels in order to increase action. It gently *stimulates.*

Fletcher's Castoria contains *no narcotics.* It never disturbs digestion. It is a *safe, sure* laxative for children—and children love it! The family-size bottle is more economical. Look for the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the carton.

MOTHER, whenever your child needs a laxative—for constipation, for colic due to gas, diarrhea due to improper diet, sour or acid stomach, and as a first aid for colds—give Fletcher's Castoria.

EVERY WEDNESDAY, *8:30 to 9:00 P.M. (E.S.T.) Hear Albert Spalding, Don Voorhees' Orchestra, Conrad Thibault, and supporting cast in the great Fletcher's Castoria radio show. Columbia network.*

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years

Oh, I can't bear this! I can't, God, I tell you. You haven't any right to—

I can, too, bear it. Maybe life isn't all blind stupid meanness. Maybe there's a purpose in it.

Maybe when you try to be brave when you haven't anything left to be brave *with*, maybe it counts for something. . . .

O God, if you know anything about me, please—well, please just don't bother about me at all, but bless the two Louis and keep and love them. . . .

WOMAN, widow, who responded to previous ad for housekeeper (previous box number W 874—date, Sunday the 18th). Please get in touch with advertiser immediately. Position awaits you. X 125 Sunday Star.

Dear Mrs. Dinwiddie:

If this letter reaches you at Box 293, please call *immediately* Mr. Louis O. Haverford, 1705 Empire City Building (telephone, Emp. City 6-9587).

This is *vitally important*.

L. O. HAVERFORD.

Postmaster,
Westminster Square Station.
Dear Sir:

Will you be so good as to give me the name and address of your box holder No. 293?

Thanking you in advance, I am,
Yours very truly,
LOUIS O. HAVERFORD,
Suite 1705, Empire City Building.

WESTMINSTER SQUARE STATION
Office of the Postmaster
June 3.

Mr. Louis O. Haverford,
Suite 1705, Empire City Bldg., City.
Dear Sir:

Governmental regulations forbid my furnishing you with the information requested in yours of recent date.

Very truly yours,
JOHN Q. THURSTON,
Postmaster.

Mr. John Q. Thurston,
Postmaster.
Dear Mr. Thurston:

I should have known that you could not, in strict obedience to your rules, furnish me with the name and address of your box holder 293. But the fact is that I am so nearly insane with anxiety that I did not stop to think about your confounded rules and regulations.

Will you allow me to tell you my reason for making this unusual request—and when I have done so, will you consult your conscience and your heart about your course of action? Incidentally, I spent almost the entire day yesterday standing in your office and watching for some one to visit Box 293. No one came, and my inquiry as to whether the box was still held by the person who held it a few weeks ago brought no satisfaction.

When I asked to speak with you, I was told that you were out and that no one knew when you would be back. (You see, I have done all I could without your aid.)

Here are the facts, Mr. Thurston, and when you have read them you must act as you see fit: either as a human being or as a letter-perfect servant of your great department—and I swear I don't know how, if I were in your place, I would decide myself.

Five years ago my wife and I separated, she voluntarily leaving with me our son, then a child of two years. We agreed at the time that our separation should be complete, each promising not to make any effort in the future to learn the other's whereabouts or attempt to communicate with the other.

I confess that our divorce caused me, for my part, supreme grief, as I am still as much in love with my former wife as I was the day I married her. I was also deeply concerned because of our son. But I am getting into family affairs which are of no interest to you.

To make a long story shorter, I have recently purchased a home in the suburbs and have attempted to have the child with me and give him the nearest approximation to a normal home environment that I could contrive. To this end, I advertised for a housekeeper. Holder of Box 293 responded under the name of Mrs. L. O. Dinwiddie—the first initials of which name are, as you see, my own, and might easily have been put down, out of long habit, by a person intent upon evolving an alias for the last name.

I wish somebody would *tell* her!

"ISN'T it a shame? There's a girl who has '*come hither*' if I ever saw one. But it becomes '*go thither*' after a minute in her presence. Why doesn't some kind girl friend put her wise?"

The surprising thing is that there still are girls and women—attractive ones, too—who need to be told that soap and water cannot keep their underarms free from that ugly odor of perspiration which refined people hate.

Smart girls who prize their popularity know that the *quick*, the *easy*, the *sure* way to keep their underarms always fresh and odorless, is with Mum.

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. Then you're safe for *all day*. And the instant it's on, slip into your dress. For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can shave your underarms and use Mum immediately.

Don't let anybody say you are careless about underarm odor. Use Mum. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York. Canada: 1241 Benoit St., Montreal.

NRA

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. Mum is also a wonderful deodorant for this use—guarantees protection from that unpleasantness which women always fear.

In addition to this fact, there were certain peculiarities of handwriting and expression about the letter that impressed me, upon repeated rereading, with the idea that my unknown correspondent might be Mrs. Haverford. The fact that I have heard nothing further from the lady after writing and offering her the position, and of course giving my name, confirms this suspicion. I am tortured, therefore, by the idea that my wife is in need and too proud to let me know it.

I have written the so-called Mrs. Dinwiddie three times, and even resorted to the advertising columns of the paper again, in an effort to establish communication with her—all to no avail. I could employ detectives—but that, I am certain, my wife would never forgive. Whereas, if I could see and talk to her myself, it might be possible for me to effect a reconciliation—or at least persuade her to let me help her if she is in financial difficulty.

I am begging your help as the one person to whom I can turn. If the box is actually rented in the name of Mrs. L. O. Dinwiddie, I must give up my probably mad hope once and for all and try to forget it. If it is rented in the name of Haverford or Estes—her maiden name—for the love of Heaven, forget your regulations and tell me so!

Yours very sincerely,
LOUIS O. HAVERFORD.

WESTMINSTER SQUARE STATION
Office of the Postmaster

June 10.

Mr. Louis O. Haverford,
Suite 1705, Empire City Bldg.
Dear Sir:

It is impossible for me to betray the trust imposed in me by my calling. I say this with real regret, for your letter has moved me greatly.

Will you, however, have patience to read, *very carefully*, the following?

I am sitting in my office with your letter in my hand, looking, as I dictate a reply, from my office window. The window looks into Westminster Place, which, as you know, is lined with apartment houses. One of these houses—Number 171, to be exact—is almost directly opposite me. *One of our box holders* lives in this house. Others are scattered here and there throughout this part of our great city. Perhaps each of them is an actor in some such drama as the one you mention.

Such meditations as this, however, have no place in the brain of an executive of our great postal system. They belong only to the human being who begs to remain, with best wishes for your restored happiness,

JOHN Q. THURSTON, *Postmaster*.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What three languages were used in the inscription on Christ's cross?
2—For what do the initials Q. E. D. stand?
3—Who wrote the novel The Crisis?
4—What does U. S. S. R. stand for?
5—Who was the creator of Raffles?
6—Which is the oldest national park in the United States?
7—Where and what are the oldest living things in the world?
8—Which is the highest mountain in North America?
9—What Union general said, "War is hell"?
10—Which mountain range divides France and Italy?
11—Who was responsible for laying the Atlantic cable?
12—What does the term windjammer mean?
13—Where is the original statue of Peter Pan located?
14—What was the ancient language of the Scotch Highlanders?
15—What is a Bedouin?
16—Who was James Boswell?
17—Where and what was Gretna Green?
18—Who was David Garrick?
19—What was a seneschal?
20—Who wrote the Forsyte Saga?

(Answers will be found on page 62)

Easy come . . . easy go

You're lucky if you "just naturally" have a good, thick head of hair. But the chances are you'll wake some day to the realization that it is going as easily as it came, except as you give it regular, intelligent care. Be sure of keeping it with regular 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatments. At least once a week before shampooing, apply the Tonic generously to the scalp; massage vigorously until the scalp tingles and feels stimulated. These treatments cleanse the scalp, and speed up the circulation exactly as exercise and a rub do for the rest of the body. Your druggist sells 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic in two sizes of shaker-top bottles. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE Look for the trademark **VASELINE** when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., N. Y.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1934, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

Keystone photo

Babe Ruth trains now. He's learned that it pays to. See him hoisting the medicine ball!

Why Don't They TRAIN ?

Of 550 Big-League Ball Players at the Camps This Spring Only Nineteen Have Survived Ten Years of Playing—They Could So Easily Do Better!

By

BERNARR MACFADDEN

(Reading time: 10 minutes 10 seconds.)

THERE is no sport in the world that requires a greater degree of all-round athletic ability than baseball does. You have to be as quick as a cat—not only physically but also mentally. Your subconscious mind must work automatically.

There are situations in a closely contested baseball game in which action must be instantaneous. There is no time for the brain to telegraph the proper play to make to the physical organs that execute the play—it must be made almost subconsciously, the muscular organism performing in perfect coördination from a well regulated mind and body without the necessity for taking time out for thought. The only way to bring this about is through proper training. There are experienced professional ball players who never attain it. Those who do are known as "money players"—ones who perform at their highest efficiency when the stress is greatest.

Aside from the dexterity and skillful accuracy a baseball player must have, his principal requirements are: first—strength and the driving energy that naturally accompanies it; second—endurance, that tireless quality so necessary in a long hard game.

He must have quickness, both mental and physical, with a brain that is clear and capable of instantaneous action in an emergency.

The writer does not claim to have any special knowledge of the training procedure necessary to develop a baseball player into an expert in the art of playing the game—that is the work of a baseball coach. But as for the special physical and mental qualities that are essential to the baseball player—great strength, extraordinary endurance, instantaneous action—the development of these powers has been carefully studied through a lifetime devoted to physical culture. If the procedure that is recommended in this article is carefully followed, in addition to the practice required to develop skill on the baseball field, a player should attain the utmost limit of his powers and retain his active efficiency as a ball player far beyond the usual age.

This is the spring training season. Down South in the training camps hundreds of young baseball players are striving to make the big-league grade. Lumbering along at their side are the older players who have crossed the crest and are on their way out—still young in years but with their life's work completed.

Ten years is a short span in the useful life of the average citizen—but in ten years' time the average big-league baseball player has come and gone. Of the five hundred and fifty-odd players in the sixteen big-league training camps this spring only thirty-seven were in the big leagues ten years ago—and of these only nineteen can be classed as regulars. Only nineteen survivors of a ten-year stretch out of five hundred and fifty!

There is no logical reason why the active life of a baseball player can't be extended beyond the usual period through a proper training procedure. They drift into these training camps, ride the crest of a glamorous life for a brief period, then go on their way into the twilight. In the entire history of big-league baseball only Ty Cobb, Hans Wagner, and Napoleon Lajoie have stayed for twenty consecutive years.

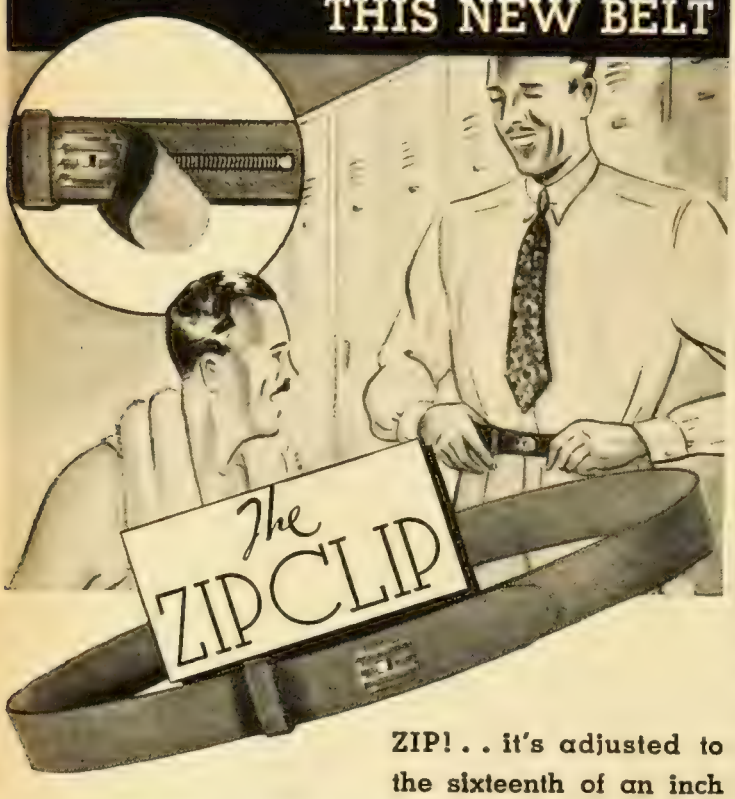
Very few baseball players give any attention at all to one tremendously important factor in proper training—diet. I have talked with a veteran sports writer who has "covered" these spring training trips of the baseball clubs for the newspapers over a period of thirty years. Here are a few instances he relates:

"On a tour of the big-league training camps one spring I stopped off to visit the Pittsburgh club at Birmingham, Alabama. One night I sat in a poker game during which one of the star players of the club ate a quart of ice cream, drank a pitcher of root beer, ate half a big poundcake, and then went to bed with this load in his stomach—and

U. & U. News photo

Members of a National League team in a tug of war at their training camp at Winter Haven, Florida.

TREAT YOUR WAISTLINE TO THIS NEW BELT



ZIP! . . it's adjusted to the sixteenth of an inch — the most comfortable belt a man ever wore.

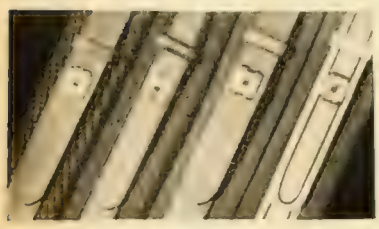
CLIP! . . just a flip of the catch and it's locked. That's the new ZipClip, smartly styled for every occasion by Pioneer.

Ask to see a ZipClip. See how DIFFERENT it looks. No bulging buckle. No unsightly perforations.

Try on a ZipClip. Find how amazingly easy it is to put on, to readjust, or take off. Note how snug and trim it fits. When your friends see it their first question will be: "Boy, where can I get one?"

Where? Most men's wear stores and department stores have them. Three styles in genuine cowhide, including the handsome white Sport ZipClip, at $1.00. Natural pigskin and black calfskin, $1.50. Treat yourself and your waistline to SOMETHING NEW in style and comfort.

★



And . . . ladies! With Easter just ahead, you probably couldn't find an inexpensive gift that would please Him more.

★

PIONEER
SUSPENDER COMPANY
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PHILADELPHIA

he was down there to get into condition for the playing season.

"Coming up from the South one spring with the Phillies we stopped off at Norfolk, Virginia, to play an exhibition game. That night, after the game, we were to take the boat from Norfolk to Washington to play the American League club at that place the following day. At eleven o'clock that night I walked down to the boat with one of the star players of the team who stopped in at a restaurant and ate a dozen fried oysters and a piece of mince pie; then he got on the boat and went to bed. And this was supposed to be a training trip.

"One spring I accompanied the Athletics on their training trip to San Antonio, Texas. It was a ride of two days and two nights on the train, and after we left Philadelphia the club secretary went through the car giving out the 'meal money'—a dollar a meal for the duration of the trip. Each player got six dollars, and one of the star young players, getting his first chance at a big-league job and on whom the Athletics were depending a lot, ate up four dollars of his meal allowance at dinner in the dining car that evening.

"Furthermore, he ate with the club trainer, and the trainer came back and told the rest of us, thinking it was a great joke. It was no joke, however, when this player went to the hospital with a case of ptomaine poisoning before we were in the training camp a week. He was still there when the training trip ended. He never played a game in the big leagues."

I could hardly believe any athlete could be so foolish, and suggested that perhaps these were exceptional cases, but my informant told me that players "eating themselves out of the league" had become a common joke in baseball. The great Babe Ruth almost did it once, back in 1927, then saw the error of his ways and changed.

Diet is an important matter to a baseball player or other athlete. Muscles, nerves, brain are all nourished by the blood stream. The blood stream is supplied with its vital elements from the food we eat. Therefore the quantity and character of the nourishment we take is an extremely vital matter.

Some baseball players have such enormous vitality that they can often secure the proper amount of nourishment from almost any kind of food, but a certain amount of additional energy has to be used up in digesting such combinations of food.

We have learned the importance of feeding stock vital foods, and some trainers have recognized the importance of certain foods, but they have not given it sufficient thought to realize its great value, and baseball clubs do not prescribe a diet for their players nor limit the amount they shall eat nor when they shall eat.

THOUGH the character of the food a player should eat is all-important, the quantity is of equal moment. The practice of overeating has a very marked effect upon the endurance. The heavy eater cannot "last out" as can the one who is more temperate at the table.

It is obvious, therefore, that the baseball player who wants to get the best there is in him and prolong the duration of his active life as a player should give strict attention to his diet.

It is impossible to go into details on this subject in a short article, but the eating of two meals instead of three meals a day will usually show almost immediate improvement in endurance. The first meal can be taken in the morning, the second in the evening. Or breakfast can be avoided altogether, taking the first meal at noontime, or just a little fruit eaten for breakfast. If additional weight is desired, be sure to drink water freely in the morning.

See that the cook retains all the flavor of vegetables through dry cooking in a double boiler or by using only a small quantity of water. Vegetables cooked in this way do not look quite so attractive in color, but the flavor is intensified.

Use meat as dictated by appetite, but too much meat often lessens endurance. Whole-rye bread, ordinarily called pumpernickel, is the best for building strength, although whole-wheat bread is recommended also.

Never "gobble" your food. Eat slowly and thoroughly

enjoy your meal. Remember that the digestive functions act more freely when the food tastes good. It is the enjoyment of food that makes the stomach juices flow freely. Therefore never eat just as a sort of duty because it is mealtime. Eat only when you are hungry. Miss one or several meals if necessary to gain a good appetite. The better food tastes, the more strength and endurance it will build.

Now we come to that important factor of developing a baseball player's strength to the highest possible degree. The exercise obtained in baseball practice will accomplish this to a certain extent, but to go beyond what is possible to attain in ordinary practice in the game it is necessary to give special attention to the development of the spine.

The spine bears the same relation to the human body that the trunk bears to a tree. If the trunk is strong the branches are always vital and luxuriant. If the spine is strong the body is vigorous in every part, and vigor is necessary to the baseball player.

Professional wrestlers demonstrate more than any other athletes the extraordinary influence of spinal development. These men not only develop wonderful physical powers, but they maintain championship form up to forty and sometimes fifty years of age while the ordinary athlete rarely retains his prowess much beyond thirty.

BASEBALL players, therefore, should take a page out of the book of the wrestler and give daily attention to exercises that will strengthen the spine. There is no set exercise for this purpose. Any athletic trainer can designate movements that will accomplish this purpose. The spine from one end to the other must be used in a vigorous manner at reasonably regular intervals.

Wrestling is a good exercise to serve this purpose. Then there are such exercises as standing on the head; resisting forward, backward, and sideways movements with the strength of the arms for the neck and upper part of the spine. Then there are various lifting and twisting movements for the lower part of the spine or what is frequently referred to as the small of the back.

Lifting weights of any kind will serve to greatly strengthen this part of the body, although a very effective bedroom exercise which I often recommend is to bend down as far as you can and interlock the fingers behind one knee, right or left, and then straighten up and resist the upward movement with the leg. This can be made a vigorous exercise for the small of the back and, of course, should be alternated from one knee to the other.

The main thought to keep in mind is the importance of a strong spine and powerful back muscles. This gives them driving power for hitting and throwing. It gives you the physical background to become an outstanding ball player.

Some of the old-time trainers may laugh at these suggestions, but " the proof of the pudding is in the eating." A two-weeks trial of this procedure, along with the practice necessary to acquire skill in playing the game, will bring such a surprising change that its merits will never thereafter be questioned.

There will be no " lazy days." The player will feel like a leaping panther or a gamboling colt every day.

It isn't necessary to call attention to the need of going to bed early, as it is pretty generally known that plenty of sleep is absolutely essential in training for any athletic event. Sleep is more important than food in the building of energy. You can go without food much longer than you can go without sleep.

Alcoholic liquors should be avoided when training. An occasional cigarette might do no special harm, but too much smoking will materially lessen the endurance.

With a stronger spine and with the blood stream and mentality quickened through spinal stimulation attained in these special exercises and proper attention to diet, the baseball player will materially enhance his playing efficiency and prolong his life in the game.

The same holds true for the amateur baseball player, the tennis player, the track athlete, and all others—including the ordinary citizen who sits behind a desk and confines his punches to the cash register.

THE END

MISS BRIGHT WINS A RAISE
UGH! I NEVER SAW A FOUNTAIN PEN THAT WOULD WRITE WHEN I WANTED IT TO!
I JUST HAD IT REPAIRED AGAIN. TRY SHAKING IT,
ARE YOU SURE IT'S THE FAULT OF THE PEN?
BAH—SHAKE IT—FUSS WITH IT! I'M SICK OF IT!
IT'S HIS LIVER.
NEXT MORNING
WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY PEN, MISS BRIGHT? IT NEVER WORKED SO WELL BEFORE.
MERELY FILLED IT WITH THAT MARVELOUS NEW INK THAT CLEANS A PEN AS IT WRITES.
FINE WORK! YOU GET A RAISE. WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS MIRACLE INK?
PARKER QUINK. THEY SAY IT CONTAINS A SECRET SOLVENT THAT DISSOLVES SEDIMENT LEFT BY ORDINARY INKS.

NO MORE CLOGGED UP PENS

Yes, it is true. Parker Qu*ink*—a new discovery in writing ink—is a miracle of chemistry—contains a rare solvent that makes it do what no other ink can do—makes it clean a pen as it writes,—a Parker pen or any other. Your pen will start quickly—every time.

And Qu*ink* dries 31% faster because of its special affinity for paper, yet does NOT dry in a pen. Parker created Qu*ink* to guard their own pens—the famous Parker Pens—from being charged with poor service, due to ordinary, pen-clogging inks. Yet no matter what pen you use, get a bottle of Qu*ink* from any store selling ink, and your pen will work like a charm.

Parker Quink

Made by the makers of the celebrated Parker Pens

FREE! (TEAR OUT THIS REMINDER)

Send Parker the top of the carton that comes around every bottle of Qu*ink*, with your name and address, and Parker will mail you FREE, postpaid, a 50-cent copy of DeWitt B. Lucas' Graphology Book telling you how to analyze handwriting—discover secret traits of character from the way people cross their "t's," slant their words, loop their letters, etc. Address The Parker Pen Co., Dept. 95, Janesville, Wisconsin.

Murder Will Out, They Say—But Seldom Are Murderers More Strangely Unmasked than in This Thrilling Climax

The witness rose to her feet, stared at the jury—and screamed.

The Case of the Howling Dog

(Reading time: 33 minutes 3 seconds.)

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

THEY'VE found the bodies!" Everly shouted, and rushed toward Perry Mason.

Perry Mason picked up one of the newspapers and held it so that the startled eyes of Claude Drumm could see the headlines.

MILLIONAIRE'S MANSION IS MURDER FARM!

screamed a glaring headline across the entire front of the page. Lower, and in slightly smaller type, appeared the words:

BODIES OF CARTRIGHT AND WIFE DISCOVERED UNDER FLOOR OF FORBES'S GARAGE

Claude Drumm sat bolt erect, stared with bulging eyes. A bailiff rushed into the courtroom carrying a newspaper, and went on a half run into the judge's chambers. A spectator entered the courtroom with an open newspaper, babbling excitedly. Within a matter of seconds he was the center of a circle that listened with bated breath.

Claude Drumm abruptly reached forward.

"May I see that newspaper?" he snapped.

"Delighted," said Perry Mason, and handed him the second newspaper.

Thelma Benton walked swiftly over to Claude Drumm.

"I've got to see you a moment," she said in a low voice.

Perry Mason glanced through the account in the newspaper—passed it over to Frank Everly.

"Go ahead and read it, Frank," he said. "Looks like the Chronicle had a scoop."

"But why didn't the officers know about it?"

"They probably used friendly deputies and kept it sewed up until they could get a paper on the street."

Perry Mason looked at the clock, then arose, stretched, yawned, and sauntered into the chambers of Judge Markham.

The judge sat at his table, reading the newspaper account with eyes that held an expression of puzzled bewilderment.

"I don't like to bother you, judge," said Perry Mason, "but I notice that the time allotted for the recess is up. I am very anxious to conclude my examination of this witness prior to the evening adjournment. In fact, I think that it may well be possible that we can get the case disposed of today."

Judge Markham looked up at Perry Mason; his eyes glinted shrewdly.

"I am wondering," he said, "as to the purpose—" His voice trailed into silence.

"Yes?" said Perry Mason.

"Yes," said Judge Markham dryly.

"Just what were you wondering, judge?" said Perry Mason.

Judge Markham frowned and eyed Perry Mason keenly.

"Either," he said, "you are the most remarkably lucky man practicing at the bar, or else the most shrewdly adroit—I can't tell which."

Perry Mason did not answer the question directly, but said instead, "I have always figured that a lawsuit is like an iceberg. Only a fraction of it is visible to the naked eye; the balance of it is beneath the surface."

Judge Markham got to his feet.

"Well, counselor," he said, "be that as it may, you are entitled to go on with the case."

Perry Mason walked back to the courtroom. Almost immediately Judge Markham entered from his chambers. The bailiff pounded frantically for order.

Order at length was restored. The jurors took their seats. Perry Mason slumped in his chair, apparently utterly unmoved by the startling events of the last few minutes.

"Thelma Benton was on the stand for further cross-examination," said Judge Markham.

Claude Drumm got to his feet.

"Your Honor," he said, "a most startling and unexpected development has taken place. In view of the circumstances, I know that your Honor will not require me to mention the nature of that development, at least in the presence of the jury. But I feel that as an officer of the state, as a deputy prosecutor who is familiar with the facts of this case, my presence is urgently required elsewhere, and I request an adjournment of this case until tomorrow morning."

Judge Markham looked over his glasses at Perry Mason.

"Any objections, counselor?" he asked.

"Yes," said Perry Mason, getting to his feet. "The rights of the defendant demand that the cross-examination of this witness be concluded at this session of the court. I mentioned this matter before I started the cross-examination, and that was the specific understanding which I had with counsel."

"That is correct," said Judge Markham. "The request for a continuance will be denied."

"But," shouted Claude Drumm, "your Honor must understand—"

"That will do, counselor," said Judge Markham. "The motion for a continuance has been denied. Proceed, Mr. Mason."

Perry Mason looked at Thelma Benton for a moment with a long, steady stare of accusation.

She lowered her eyes and fidgeted on the witness stand. Her face was as white as the wall in back of her.

"Now," said Perry Mason slowly, "as I understand your testimony, Paula Cartright left the residence on Milpas Drive in a taxicab on the morning of October 17."

"That is correct," she said.

"You saw her leave?"

"Yes," she said in a low voice.

"Do I understand," said Perry Mason, raising his voice, "that you saw Paula Cartright alive on the morning of October 17 of this year?"

THE witness bit her lip, hesitated.

"Let the records show," said Perry Mason urbanely, "that the witness hesitates."

Claude Drumm jumped to his feet.

"That," he said, "is manifestly unfair, and I object to the question as argumentative; as already asked and answered; as not being proper cross-examination."

"The objection is overruled," said Judge Markham. "The record will show that the witness hesitates appreciably in answering."

Thelma Benton looked up. Her eyes were dark with panic.

"I can't say that I saw her personally," she said. "I heard steps going down the stairs from her room. I saw a taxicab drawn up in front of the place, and I saw a woman getting into the taxicab; then the cab drove away. I took it for granted that the woman was Mrs. Cartright."

"Then you didn't see her?" pressed Perry Mason.

"No," she said in a low voice; "I didn't see her."

"Now," said Perry Mason, "you have identified this letter as being in the handwriting of Mrs. Cartright?"

"Yes, sir."

PERRY MASON produced the photostatic copy of the telegram which had been sent from Midwick.

"And," he said, "will you identify the photostatic copy of this telegram as also being in the handwriting of Paula Cartright?"

The witness looked at the telegram, hesitated, bit her lip.

"They're the same handwriting, are they not?" asked Perry Mason—"those two documents?"

When she answered, her voice was so low as to be almost inaudible.

"Yes," she said; "I guess they're in the same handwriting."

"Don't you know?" said Perry Mason. "You unhesitatingly identified the letter as being in the handwriting of Paula Cartright. How about this telegram? Is that, or is that not, in the handwriting of Paula Cartright?"

"Yes," said the witness in an almost inaudible voice; "it is Mrs. Cartright's handwriting."

"So," said Perry Mason, "Mrs. Cartright sent this telegram from Midwick on the morning of October 17?"

"I guess so," said the witness in a low voice.

Judge Markham pounded with his gavel.

"Mrs. Benton," he said, "you've got to speak up so the jury can understand you. Speak more loudly, please."

She raised her head, stared at the judge, and swayed slightly.

Claude Drumm was on his feet.

"Your Honor," he said, "it now appears that the witness is ill. I again ask for a continuance, out of justice to this witness, who has doubtless sustained a very great shock."

Judge Markham slowly shook his head.

"I think the cross-examination should continue," he said.

"If," said Claude Drumm in pleading desperation, "this case can be continued until tomorrow, there is some chance it might be dismissed."

Perry Mason whirled about and stood with his feet planted firmly on the floor, spread slightly apart; his head thrust forward; his manner belligerent; his voice raised until it seemed to echo in the rafters of the courtroom.

"If the Court please," he thundered, "that is exactly the situation I wish to avoid! A public accusation has been made against the defendant in this case, and the defendant is entitled to an acquittal at the hands of a jury. A dismissal by the prosecution would still leave her with a blot upon her name."

Illustrations by FRANK GODWIN

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

"The motion is once more denied," Judge Markham said. "The case will continue."

Perry Mason reached for the letter which had been identified as being in the handwriting of Mrs. Cartright, placed it on the table in front of the witness, and pounded it with his fist.

"Didn't you write that letter?" he asked of the witness.

"No!" she flared.

"On the seventeenth day of October," said Perry Mason, "your right hand was in a bandage, was it not?"

"Yes."

"You had been bitten by a dog."

"Yes. Prince had been poisoned, and when I tried to give him an emetic he accidentally bit my hand."

"Yes," said Perry Mason. "But the fact remains that your right hand was bandaged on the seventeenth day of October of this year, and remained bandaged for several days thereafter. Isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"And you couldn't hold a pen in that hand?"

There was a moment of silence; then the witness said suddenly: "Yes. And that goes to show how false your accusation is that I wrote that letter or that telegram."

"Were you," snapped Perry Mason, "in Midwick on the seventeenth day of October of this year?"

The witness hesitated.

"Didn't you," went on Perry Mason without waiting for an answer, "charter an airplane and fly to Midwick on the seventeenth day of October of this year?"

"Yes," said the witness. "I thought I might find Mrs. Cartright in Midwick, and I went there by plane."

"And didn't you file this telegram at the telegraph office in Midwick while you were there?" asked Perry Mason.

"No," she said; "I have told you that I couldn't have written that telegram."

"Very well," said Perry Mason. "Let's go back a moment to this mangled hand of yours. It was so badly mangled you couldn't possibly hold a pen in your right hand?"

"Yes."

"And that was on the seventeenth day of October of this year?"

"Yes."

"Also on the eighteenth of October?"

"Yes."

"Also on the nineteenth?"

"Yes."

"Very well," said Perry Mason. "Isn't it a fact that you kept a diary over the period I have mentioned?"

"Yes," she said swiftly, before she thought—then suddenly caught her breath, bit her lip, and said, "No."

"Which is it," said Perry Mason—"yes or no?"

"No," she said.

PERRY MASON whipped a torn sheet of paper from his pocket.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "isn't that a sheet of paper which came from a diary which you kept on or about that date—to wit, the eighteenth of October of this year?"

The witness stared at the torn piece of paper—said nothing.

"And isn't it," said Perry Mason, "a fact that you are ambidextrous, that you were keeping the diary during that time, and that you made entries in it with a pen that was held in your left hand? Isn't it a fact that you have always been able to write with your left hand, and that you do so whenever you wish to disguise your writing? Isn't it a fact that you have in your possession such a diary, from which this is a torn leaf, and that the handwriting on this torn leaf is exactly identical with the handwriting shown on the letter purporting to have been written by Paula Cartright, and on the telegram purported to have been filed by her?"

The witness rose to her feet, looked at Judge Markham, stared at the jury, and screamed.

"Her lips were sealed forever by the two assassins who secretly buried her body."

Bedlam broke loose in the courtroom. Bailiffs pounded for order. Deputies ran toward the witness. Claude Drumm was on his feet, frantically shouting a motion for adjournment which was lost in the turmoil.

Perry Mason walked back to the counsel table and sat down.

Deputies reached the side of Thelma Benton. They took her elbows and started to pilot her from the witness stand. She pitched forward in a dead faint.

The voice of Claude Drumm made itself audible above the minor hubbub of the courtroom.

"Your Honor," he shouted, "in the name of common decency, in the name of humanity, I demand a continuation of this case, in order to enable this witness to regain some measure of composure and health before there is any further cross-examination!"

Judge Markham slitted his eyes in thought, glanced over at Perry Mason.

Perry Mason's voice was low and calm, and the hubbub in the courtroom quieted so that spectators might hear him.

"May I ask counsel if that is the only reason he is asking for a continuance?" asked Perry Mason.

"Certainly," said Claude Drumm.

"May I also ask counsel," said Perry Mason, "in view of the request for a continuance, if he has any other witnesses, or if this is his last witness?"

"This," said Claude Drumm, "is my last witness. I grant counsel the right to cross-examine her."

"I think, counselor," said Judge Markham, "that the motion at this time is well taken, at least for a short continuance."

Perry Mason's smile was urbane.

"Your Honor," he said, "the motion for a continuance is no longer necessary. It gives me pleasure to announce that, in view of the mental state of the witness and my desire to complete the case, I am finished with my cross-examination."

CLAUDE DRUMM stood by his chair at the counsel table, staring incredulously at Perry Mason.

"You're finished?" he asked.

"Yes," said Perry Mason.

"Under those circumstances," said Claude Drumm, "I am taken by surprise, your Honor, and I would like to have the case continued until tomorrow morning."

"For what reason?" asked Judge Markham.

"Simply in order to get my mind clear upon certain facts and to ascertain what course I desire to take," said Claude Drumm.

"But," pointed out Judge Markham, "in response to a question by counsel, you have stated that this was your last witness."

"Very well," said Claude Drumm suddenly. "I rest. Let counsel go ahead with his defense."

Perry Mason bowed to the Court and to the jury.

"The defendant," he said, "also rests."

"What?" shouted Claude Drumm. "You are putting in no evidence whatever?" He glared over at Mason.

"The defendant," said Perry Mason with dignity, "rests."

The voice of Judge Markham was calm and judicial.

"Do you gentlemen desire to argue the case?" he asked.

"Yes," said Perry Mason; "I would like to argue the case."

"And you, counselor?" the judge asked of Claude Drumm.

"Your Honor, I cannot argue this case at the present time. It will require some preparation. Once more I ask for an adjournment."

Judge Markham's gavel banged. "Once more," he said in a tone of finality, "the request is denied. I feel that the rights of the defendant in this case are entitled to consideration at the hands of the Court. Go ahead and argue, Mr. Drumm."

Claude Drumm got to his feet.

"Your Honor," he said, "I think I shall ask the Court for a dismissal of this case."

The Court nodded. "Very well," he said; "if—"

Perry Mason was on his feet.

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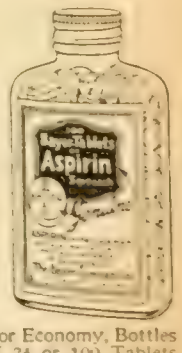

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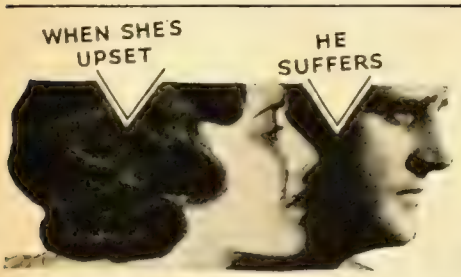

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"Your Honor," he said, "I object to the motion. I believe that I have previously stated my position in regard to it. The defendant in this case is entitled to have her name cleared. A dismissal of the case would not do that."

Judge Markham's eyes suddenly narrowed. He looked at Perry Mason with the wary watchfulness of a cat regarding a mouse hole.

"Do I understand, counselor, that you object to a dismissal of this case by the prosecution?"

"I do."

"Very well," said Judge Markham. "We will let the jury take the case. The deputy district attorney will proceed with the argument."

Claude Drumm got to his feet, walked toward the jury box.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said: "There has been a most unexpected development in this case. I do not know what course I should have taken had the case been continued so that I could give a complete consideration to the facts. However, as the facts now stand, the defendant in this case is shown to have been present at the house where the murder was committed at the time the murder was committed. She is shown to have had a motive strong enough to impel her to murder the decedent. The gun with which the killing was done was a gun which she had purchased. Under the circumstances, I feel that she should not be acquitted. I am frank to state I do not feel that the state should ask for the death penalty. I am frank to state that I am somewhat confused by the sudden turn of events. But I feel that these matters should be considered by you. Gentlemen, I have nothing further to say."

In savage dignity Claude Drumm strode back to the counsel table and resumed his seat.

Perry Mason approached the jurors, stared at them quizzically for a few moments.

"GENTLEMEN," he said: "A fortunate break on the part of the main witness for the prosecution has saved you the possibility of working an irreparable wrong upon an innocent woman.

"The evidence in this case is purely circumstantial. From the circumstances of the case, the prosecution is entitled to make any deductions it desires; also, the defense is entitled to make any deductions it desires.

"Let me, therefore, take the circumstances of this case and outline to you, first, the impossibility of the crime having been committed by the defendant, and, second, the possibility that it was committed by some other person.

"In the first place, the evidence shows that the person who murdered Clinton Forbes entered the house either with a pass-key or with a key which was rightfully in the possession of such person. The evidence shows that that person went to the room where Forbes was engaged in shaving. It is apparent that when he heard some one in the library, Forbes mopped the lather from his face with a towel as he walked out to the library. After he beheld the intruder he ran back to the bathroom and unchained the dog. As he did so he used both hands to unchain the dog, and dropped the towel containing the lather which had been wiped from his face. This towel was dropped near the edge of the bathtub in exactly the position where it would have been dropped, logically and naturally, under the circumstances. The dog sprang toward the intruder with bared teeth, and as counsel for the prosecution has so aptly remarked, and as witnesses for the prosecution have so truthfully testified, endeavored to save the life of his master. The assassin shot the dog at close quarters.

"AFTER those shots were fired, the intruder grappled with Clinton Forbes. The shots that killed Forbes were fired at close range.

"Gentlemen, it is the contention of the prosecution that those shots were fired by the defendant in this case.

"There is, gentlemen, one unanswerable objection to such a theory. That is, that if the intruder had been the defendant in this case the police dog would not have rushed upon the defendant; nor would it have been necessary for the defendant to have shot the dog. The dog knew the defendant and loved her. The dog would never have charged upon the defendant under those circumstances.

"That, gentlemen, disposes of the case of the prosecution.

"Under the law relating to circumstantial evidence, it is necessary that, before a conviction can be had at the hands of a jury, the jurors must be convinced that the circumstances can be explained upon no reasonable hypothesis other than the guilt of the defendant.

"Now, let me point out the significant circumstances which indicate that the murder was committed by some other person:

"There is evidence in this case that Arthur Cartright complained of a dog howling on the premises of Clinton Forbes on the night of October 15. The dog howled continuously during the night, the howls being from the back of the house and in the neighborhood of the addition to the garage which was being duly constructed.

"Gentlemen, let us suppose that there had been an altercation between Paula Cartright and Clinton Forbes. Let us suppose that Clinton Forbes, during that altercation, had murdered Paula Cartright. Let us suppose that he and Thelma Benton together had scooped out a shallow grave in the soil where the cement floor of the new garage building was to be poured. And we might even suppose, in view of the terms of the note which Thelma Benton subsequently wrote as purporting to come from the pen of Paula Cartright, that the quarrel resulted from the discovery of an intimacy between Forbes and Thelma Benton by Paula Cartright.

"Mrs. Cartright had given up her social position, her right to be considered a respectable member of society, in order to run away with Clinton Forbes. And then she found that the sacrifice she had made was for nothing—that the love she thought she had gained by such a sacrifice was in reality a hollow mockery, and that Clinton Forbes was no more true to her than he had been true to the wife whom he had deserted in Santa Barbara.

"Paula Cartright quarreled bitterly, and her lips were sealed forever by the two assassins, who secretly buried her body. The Chinese cook was asleep. Only the stars of the night and the guilty consciences of the murderous pair who scooped out the shallow grave knew what was going on. But there was one other who knew. That was a faithful police dog. He smelled the cold corpse; he knew that it was interred in a shallow grave; and he watched by that grave and howled.

"ARTHUR CARTRIGHT had been watching the house. He didn't realize the significance of the steady howling of the dog, but it did prey upon his overwrought nerves. He took steps to see that the dog did not howl any more, thinking at the time that he instituted such steps that the howling of the dog was nothing more than a vagary of the canine mind. But at some time during the next night the significance of those howls dawned upon him. His mind filled with suspicion, Arthur Cartright set out to investigate.

"Clinton Forbes and his pseudo-housekeeper had embarked upon a career of murder. They found themselves confronted with an accusation of the crime. A man who was almost as one bereft of reason demanded that he be confronted with Paula Cartright in order that he might see for himself that she was alive and well.

"Gentlemen," said Perry Mason, lowering his voice impressively, "there was only one thing which the conspirators could do to preserve their secret. There was one more ghastly step which they had to take in order to put the seal of silence upon the lips of the man who was mouthing accusations which they knew would soon be made to the authorities and would soon result in an investigation. They fell upon him and murdered him, as they had murdered his wife, and they buried his body beside hers, knowing that on the next day the cement workers would pour cement over the place where the shallow graves were located, forever sealing off the ghastly evidence of the dastardly crime.

"The guilty pair were then confronted with the necessity of explaining the simultaneous absence of both Arthur Cartright and his wife. There was only one way they could do it, and that was by making it appear that husband and wife had become reunited and had run away together. Thelma Benton was ambidextrous. This fact was known to Clinton Forbes. He also knew that it was extremely unlikely any one would have any specimen of the genuine handwriting of Paula Cartright. She was a woman estranged from the world; one who had burnt her bridges behind her. She had no friends to whom she cared to write. There was no one to come forward with a specimen of the woman's handwriting. So the letter was forged.

"Gentlemen, I need not mention to you the inevitable result of such a combination of wickedness, founded upon crime, nurtured in deception, and culminating in murder. There were two conspirators, each of whom knew that the other had the power to send the long arm of the law swooping down in righteous reprisal. Thelma Benton was the first to act. She left the house at six o'clock and repaired to a rendezvous with a male friend.

"Thelma Benton and her accomplice returned to the house. They entered by using the key of the pseudo-housekeeper. Upon guilty feet the pair stalked their living prey as though he had been a beast of the jungle. But the sensitive ears of the dog heard and interpreted that which was happening. Alarmed by the barking of the dog, Clinton Forbes stepped out of the bathroom. He saw his housekeeper standing there, and wiped the lather from his face as he started to talk to her. Then he saw the man who was with her, and knew the purpose of her visit. In a panic he rushed to the bathroom and liberated the dog. The dog sprang at the masculine intruder, and the man shot. The dog fell lifeless to the floor. Forbes struggled with the woman, and there were two more shots fired at close range, and then—silence."

Perry Mason came to an abrupt halt. He stared seriously, solemnly at the jury. In a voice that was so low it could hardly be heard, he said, "Gentlemen, that is all."

Claude Drumm stared uncertainly at the jury, at the judge, at the hostile faces of those in the courtroom.

"No argument," he said.

IT was more than two hours after the verdict had been returned when Perry Mason entered his office. It was long since dark, but Della Street was waiting for him, her eyes starry. Paul Drake was also in the office, lounging on the edge of a desk.

Perry Mason was leading a police dog on a leash.

The pair stared at the police dog, then at Mason.

"By George," said Paul Drake, "you certainly have a genius for the dramatic and spectacular! Now that you have used a dog in order to get an acquittal, you're going to adopt a police dog and lead him around with you. It will serve to keep every one familiar with your triumph."

"Not necessarily," said Perry Mason. "Let me put him in the closet here. He's nervous and I think it

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would be better for him to go in there."

He led the dog to the closet in his private office, unleashed the animal, bedded him down on the floor. He turned to receive the handshake of Paul Drake, and then Della Street's arms were about his neck, crushing him down to her as she danced in an ecstasy of glee.

"Oh," she said, "it was so wonderful! I read your argument in the paper. They got out an extra in which they set forth your arguments verbatim. It was simply wonderful!"

"The newspapers," said Paul Drake, "are calling you the Master of Courtroom Drama."

"Just a lucky break," said Perry Mason modestly.

"Lucky nothing!" Paul Drake said. "That thing was carefully planned."

Della Street said excitedly, "As soon as I read your argument, I knew the chain of reasoning by which you had realized where the bodies were."

Abruptly she glanced at Paul Drake and broke off.

"But," said Drake, "there are two or three things about your argument that don't hang together. In the first place, if Thelma Benton had returned to the house with this chap Carl Trask, and they had murdered Forbes, why wouldn't Wheeler and Doake have seen them drive up?"

"Wheeler and Doake weren't witnesses," said Perry Mason.

"I know that," said the detective. "You saw to that by seeing to it that the district attorney didn't know you had shadows watching the house. If he had known all that those two fellows know, he would have moved heaven and earth to get them."

"Was it fair to let them get out of the jurisdiction of the court?" asked Della Street dubiously.

PERRY MASON stood with his legs wide apart, his shoulders squared, his jaw thrust forward.

"Listen, you two," he said. "I've told you before, and I'm telling you again, that I'm not a judge and I'm not a jury. I'm a lawyer. The district attorney does everything he can to build up a strong case against the defendant. It's up to the lawyer for the defendant to do everything he can to break down the case of the district attorney."

"Well," said Drake, "you skated on pretty thin ice in this case, but you certainly got away with it. You're entitled to congratulations. The newspapers are giving you millions of dollars' worth of advertisement. You're considered a legal wizard, and by God you are!"

He extended his hand, and Mason took it.

"Well," said Drake, "I'll be down in the office for a while, if there's anything else you want to check up on. I suppose you're tired and want to get home and get some rest."

"Things *have* been coming pretty fast," said Perry Mason, "but I like the excitement."

Drake nodded and left the office.

Della Street looked at Perry Mason with her eyes wide and starry.

"Oh," she said, "I'm so glad! So glad that you got her off. It was wonderful!"

She stared at him for a moment with her lips quivering with words that she could not utter, then suddenly flung her arms wide apart and embraced him once more.

There was the sound of an apologetic cough from the doorway.

Della Street flung back and stared.

Bessie Forbes stood in the doorway.

"Pardon me," she said, "if I intrude. I was liberated, and I came at once to your office as soon as I could get my things together."

"That's all right," said Perry Mason. "We're glad—"

THERE was a wild sound of scrambling motion. The door of the closet slammed open. The police dog catapulted out into the room, with claws scratching and scraping futilely on the hardwood floor. He hit the carpet and launched into speed, dashing directly toward the startled form of Bessie Forbes.

The dog leaped up at her, gave joyous howls. His tongue licked at her face, and she gave a glad cry, stooped, and flung her arms about the massive shoulders of the huge police dog.

"Prince!" she said. "Prince!"

"I beg your pardon," said Perry Mason, "but his name is not Prince. Prince is dead."

The woman stared at him with startled incredulous eyes.

"Where did you get him?" she asked.

"I," said Perry Mason, "could figure out just why it was that the dog howled on the night of October 15. I couldn't understand why the dog didn't howl on the night of October 16, if he were still alive. I also could not understand how it happened that a dog that had been living in the house with Thelma Benton for more than a year could suddenly have gone savage and attacked her so as to badly mangle her right hand.

"After the case was over I made a round of kennels in the neighborhood. I found a kennel where an owner had exchanged a police dog, on the night of October 16, for another police dog that was very similar in appearance. I purchased the dog that had been left."

"But," said Bessie Forbes, "what are you going to do with him?"

"I," Perry Mason said, "am going to give him to you. He needs a good home. I suggest that you take him with you, and I would further suggest that you leave town at once."

He brought the dog's leash and handed it to her.

"Let us know where you are," he said, "so that we can keep in touch with you. You're the beneficiary under a will. You will be approached and interviewed by newspapermen. They will ask you embarrassing questions. It might be well if you were not available."

GOOD BOOKS of THE MONTH

By OLIVER SWIFT

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★ ★ ★ ★ **EMINENT VICTORIANS** by Lytton Strachey.

A reissue of these penetrating biographical studies in the inexpensive Modern Library edition.

★ ★ ★ **"TAKE THE WITNESS!"** by Alfred Cohn and Joe Chisholm. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A biography of a melodramatic successful criminal lawyer, Earl Rogers, with an introduction by his daughter, one of Liberty's favorite contributors, Adela Rogers St. Johns. Vivid moment: when Rogers cross-examines Adela in his own defense.

★ ★ ★ **THE FIRST BILLION: THE STILLMANS AND THE NATIONAL CITY BANK** by John K. Winkler. The Vanguard Press.

The exciting story of a fortune maker told by an author a little too impressed with his subject.

★ ★ ★ **TWO O'CLOCK COURAGE** by Gelett Burgess. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A mystery novel with a new twist. His memory gone, the narrator finds himself involved in a murder which he may have committed.

★ ★ ★ **DANGEROUS THOUGHTS ON THE ORIENT** by F. R. Eldridge. D. Appleton-Century Company.

Some senators will not like this—a chief of the United States Far Eastern Bureau gives his version of Japan's struggle in Manchuria against communistic China and Soviet Russia.

★ ★ ½ **SILENT WORLD** by Florence Riddell. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Odd and moving story of two beautiful deaf babies, the girl congenitally and the boy by accident. How they learned to talk and love and how they met the problem that arose when Kit recovers his hearing.

★ ★ **PADEREWSKI** by Charles Phillips, with an introduction by Colonel Edward M. House. The Macmillan Company.

Deeply admiring and frequently competent story of the great pianist. Vivid moment: when Paderewski breaks his oath never to play again until his beloved Poland is free.

★ ★ **GLASS** by Howard Stephenson. Claude Kendall.

Ohio farmers succumb to easy money after the discovery of natural gas and the building of glass factories. George Rood, one of them, makes a futile fight to keep his farm and his son against these odds.

★ ★ **McKEE OF CENTRE STREET** by Helen Reilly. The Crime Club, Inc., Doubleday Doran.

Two murders, a ten-carat emerald, three mummified toes create mystery. But why does the Crime Club imitate the jacket of a successful detective novelist?

She stared at him wordlessly for a moment, then suddenly extended her hand.

"Thank you," she said, then turned abruptly.

"Prince," she said, "on my side."

The dog marched from the office, pacing along at her side, matching step for step with his mistress, his plume elevated, waving proudly in the air.

When the door of the outer office closed, Della Street stared at Perry Mason with sudden consternation.

"But," she said, "the only real argument that you had to convince the jury that Bessie Forbes was not the one who did the shooting was that the dog sprang at the murderer. If Clinton Forbes had substituted dogs—"

"I have repeatedly told you," said Perry Mason, "that I am not a judge; nor am I a jury. On the other hand, I have never heard the story of Bessie Forbes; nor has any one else. It may have been that anything she did was done in self-defense. I feel certain that it was. She had to defend herself against a dog and a man. But I acted only as her lawyer."

"But," said Della Street, "they'll get her and try her all over again!"

Perry Mason smiled and shook his head. "Oh, no, they won't," he said. "That's why I wouldn't let them dismiss the case. A dismissal wouldn't have been a bar to another prosecution. Now she has faced a jury and has been once in jeopardy, she can never be tried again for that offense as long as she lives, regardless of what other evidence might be uncovered."

"You," said Della Street, staring at him, "are a cross between a saint and a devil."

"All men are," said Perry Mason, unperturbed. "Was there anything new that came in today while I was in court?"

SHE looked at him for a moment, then wordlessly went to the outer office and took a telegram from her desk.

"Here," she said, "is a telegram. If you can make sense from it, you can do more than I can."

He took the telegram and read:

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EVA LAMONT

Perry Mason stared at the telegram curiously.

"Did the photograph come?" he asked.

"Yes," she said; "a few minutes ago."

She opened a drawer in her desk and took out a photograph. It was the picture of a young woman generously displaying a beautiful pair of legs. Below the photograph was a typewritten caption which had been pasted on it. The caption said simply: THE GIRL WITH THE LUCKY LEGS.

The photograph did not show the woman's face, merely her shoulders, hips, arms, hands which held the skirts very, very high, and the legs. They were slim straight legs, perfectly formed, stockinged and gartered.

"Now," said Perry Mason, his curiosity aroused, "what the devil does *that* mean?"

"I don't know," said Della Street, "but I'm going to make a file—The Case of the Girl with the Lucky Legs."

Perry Mason looked at his watch. The weariness had dropped from his face and his eyes were sparkling.

"I wonder," he said, "just what time Eva Lamont is due here."

THE END

The Steel Claw

A SHORT SHORT STORY

(Reading time: 4 min. 56 sec.)

THE big man's check was for ten cents; most of the checks in the Wayside Diner don't run much over that between twelve and four in the morning.

Charlie quit frying hamburger, took the man's quarter, rang up a dime, and gave the fellow fifteen cents change. I sat there drinking coffee. Several times a night I drop in at the diner for some coffee. You can get pretty bored riding a motorcycle up and down a main highway all night.

The big guy got up off his stool. I looked him over. Never saw him before. Probably he belonged to the green coach outside with a Pennsylvania license on it.

He stopped in front of the machine, opposite the counter. It was about half the size of a phone booth and the same general proportions. You gambled with it. The upper part of the thing was glass, and inside was a toy steel crane, just like a real steel crane, and it worked.

You wound the handle to set the swinging claw bucket in whatever position you chose; then you put in a nickel and the machinery started up. The crane would turn, the claw would go down and make a grab.

There were prizes half buried in a pile of red candies, and if you were lucky enough to set the crane just right, it would grab a prize.

The stranger reached out his big hand and fiddled with the lever a while, winding the springs of the toy crane back and forth.

He put in his nickel, and the machinery started to buzz. I'll be a son of a gun if the bucket didn't swing around, drop down, and close its jaws on a good shaving brush.

"Probably you can do it again," says Charlie.

He came out from behind the counter. The stranger grinned and fooled with the lever.

"Turn it left," Charlie told him. "See that swell pocket flash in the left-hand corner?"

The stranger put his nickel in the slot, and I'm a manicurist instead of a motorcycle cop if he didn't hook the flash!

The fellow twisted the lever again. He had his eye on a good fountain pen. You're right about what happened then.

"Why don't you stay and grab off the other prizes?" says Charlie, kind of sore.

"There ain't anything I want, or I would." And the fellow went out.

Charlie grabs my arm. I turned around. He had a gun in his hand. "Get that guy, Jack!"

I jumped on the running board of the green coach just as it was moving. "Hold her, brother."

He growled, "What's the big idea?"

With my left hand I put my light on him. "Let's see your driver's license."

"Sure." But he acted funny. He had the license. William Deveraux, 145 Linden Avenue, Poketown, Pennsylvania.

Charlie was behind me. "Look out for him, Jack!" he kept whispering. "He's dangerous—"

"Get out," I told the big fellow.

He saw where my right hand was, so he got out, slowly. I went over him for a gun. He didn't have any.

"What's this all about?" I says to the cook.

"Murder," he says. "I just recognized him. His name is Frederick Ennis. Killed a woman in Cairo, Illinois. He's a murderer!"

The stranger didn't want to come along to the station, but he came anyway. And Charlie. Sergeant Wright woke up and took his feet down off the rail.

"Now let's get to the bottom of this," I told them.

Charlie insisted that this big fellow was Frederick Ennis, and he had pushed over somebody in Cairo, Illinois. "Telegraph 'em!" he kept howling. "I'll stake my life on it. He killed Mrs. Agnes Appleby in 1929!"

Well, it was 10 A. M. before we got the answer from Cairo:

FREDERICK ENNIS WANTED FOR MURDER AGNES APPLEBY NOVEMBER FIFTH NINETEEN TWENTY NINE STOP HEIGHT ABOUT SIX FEET WEIGHT ONE HUNDRED NINETY HAIR BROWN EYES GRAY SMALL MUSTACHE STOP NO RECORD KNOWN STOP HAS ENORMOUS VACCINATION SCAR UPPER LEFT ARM AND ONE TOE AMPUTATED RIGHT FOOT

We looked our man over not very gentle. It was him all right.

"Well, Charlie," we said to the cook, "we're wiring to Illinois in about two jerks, so let us know if you've got any word for the folks back home. And give us the whole dope. Did they have one of those machines in Cairo?"

"No," he said, "but the Whitten Construction Company had plenty of real steam shovels and cranes. This man Ennis was the best operator in the business. He could pick up a fly with one of those steel claws."

Sergeant Wright nodded. "So that's it. You worked for the company in Illinois. You recognized Ennis when he came into the diner?"

Charlie shook his head. "I never saw Ennis before in my life, and he never saw me. But I knew him by reputation. See, I'm the brother of the woman that was murdered when her star boarder got jealous of her. I was in the East, here, working in a machine shop—I'm a mechanic by trade. They trailed Ennis to Philadelphia, and then lost him. I always thought that he might pass through here, this being on the main highway between New York and Philly."

He said, "I got a job as cook in the diner at the crossroads and kept my eyes open. Now I can retire with a clear conscience. I've made close to fifty thousand dollars in the last year."

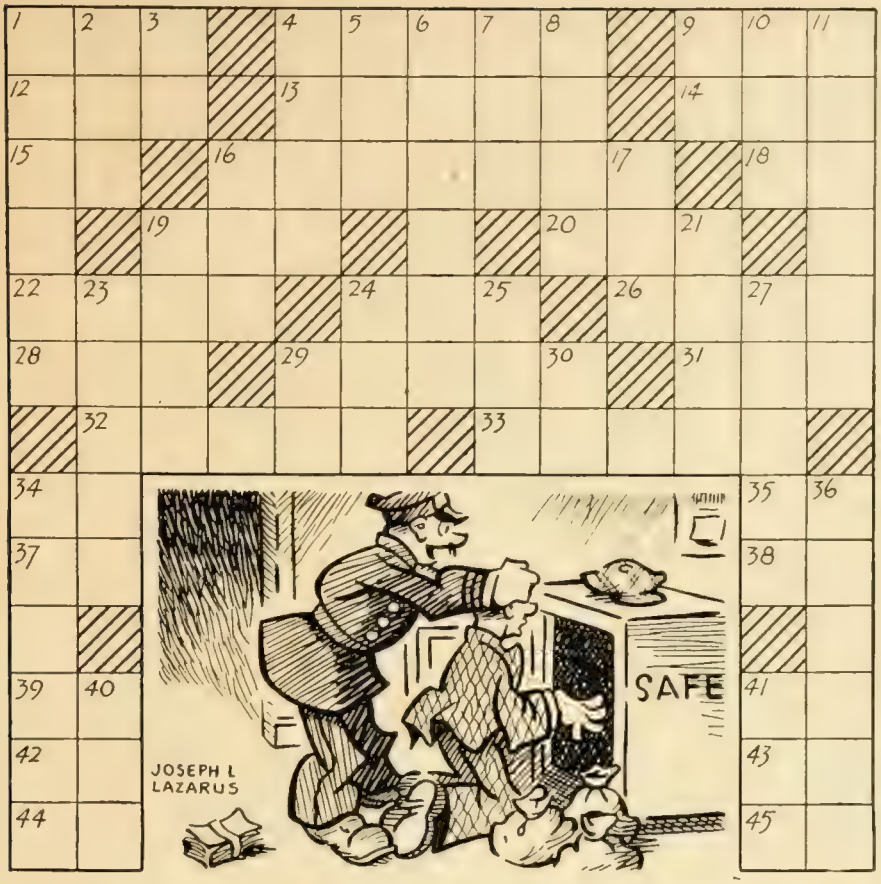
"Cooking?" I howled at him.

He looked kind of tired, but he grinned. "No," he said. "I get a big share from the company that puts out those machines. See—I invented the machine."

THE END

By MacKINLAY KANTOR

CROSS WORDS



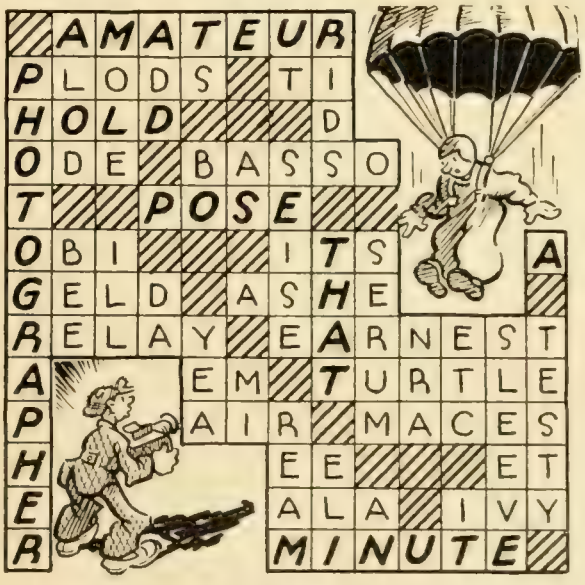
After solving the cross word puzzle see if you can find the saying suggested in the drawing among the words in the completed puzzle.

HORIZONTAL

1 Piece of furniture
4 Conjecture
9 Bird of prey
12 Go astray
13 Sheeted home (naut.)
14 Pronoun
15 Note of the scale
16 Solid portion of fat
18 Alleged force or natural power
19 Weeding implement
20 One in a superior position of life (slang)
22 Elliptical
24 Wager
26 Destroy
28 A little mass
29 Lady of minor rank
31 Prefix: over
32 A sweetheart (archaic)
33 Make merry
34 Pronoun
35 We
37 Where a thing is
38 In that manner
39 Depart
41 Exclamation
42 Public notice (abbr.)
43 A noun suffix
44 A syllable used in solmization
45 Parent

VERTICAL

1 Roar
2 Division of time
3 Doctor (abbr.)
4 Passageway
5 A Shoshonean Indian
6 Expunged
7 A title
8 Whirl
9 A bone
10 Pronoun
11 Book of record
16 Peruvian coin
17 Negative connective
19 To deviate from vertical (mining)
21 Groundwork
23 Personal attendant
24 To forbid
25 A black liquid
27 A Bantu tribe
29 Parent
30 Pronoun
34 A shed
36 A musical composition
40 Lyric
41 Edge



Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

This is Curtis Style No. 546

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L.I.B. 3-17-34

A Chorus Girl's Lectures on Etiquette

(Reading time: 6 min. 58 sec.)

More Pearls of Wisdom from One Who Has LIVED —This Time It's the Low-down on Dining

SECOND LECTURE—WHAT TO DO TILL THE WAITER COMES

DINING out is almost a lost art, for by the time a lady is taken to two or three ex-speakeasies before dinner, the first thing she knows is that it's after dinner hour, and you just go on to places from wherever you are.

However, there are those men of the old school who still believe in buying a girl solid refreshment, and it is of these I am going to write about.

Table manners both above and below board are something which every refined lady should know about. I don't mean the crude old-fashioned ones, like not eating peas with your knife, but the subtler shades of manners. My own course in this subject has extended from Childs to the Ritz, with a postgraduate course at Delmonico's and Voisin's. So you see I know my material from soup to nuts, if I may coin a phrase. In short, I've taken my food where I've found it, for, after all, a girl must eat once in a while.

So—granted that you have been called for, accepted the gardenias with pretty words of praise, making no mention about preferring orchids—you are off. A few delicious cocktails at one of the better old converted mansions in the Fifties, and you are whisked away to a smart dining resort. If the gentleman is old he will undoubtedly select a place where there is dancing, Heaven help you! And suppose this is the case.

Before you order, he suggests a little twirl around the floor, so you allow yourself to be shoved around for a few minutes, and wish you really had broken your ankle last night when you fell down the stairs.

Back at the table again, you look pathetically into your *vis-à-vis's* eyes. He mistakes your pain for a deeper emotion and touches your foot with his under the table. If he happens to strike that little spot on your small toe and you wince, nine chances out of ten he will still think your expression is one of the more personal emotions—and let him. After all, a man who is about to buy you a dinner ought to be allowed some fun.

A really good host will not ask you what you want. He will whisper things to the waiter. (Don't be annoyed at this. He's not talking about you.) And presently a flock of oysters will appear. You daintily toy with them, remarking wistfully that although you have been looking for pearls in oysters all your life you have never found any, but you still go on hoping. This is enough to give the gentleman the idea that you are fond of pearls, and you can only hope he remembers it sometime when Cartier's has not closed for the night.

Just as you have fixed your cocktail sauce the way you like it, with plenty of horse-radish, the music strikes up again and your boy friend is all agog with rhythm. Before you know it you are on the floor again, being a girl who finds it hard to say No, and when you return to your table the oysters have vanished. Comes a pause, and if you look wistful again at this point, he won't know that it is really the pangs of hunger that ail you. A good wistful look can mean so many things—particularly to a man over fifty!

Presently a delicious cup of bouillon is set before you, and after seasoning to taste, you daintily pick up your spoon, and at that precise moment the saxophone player picks up his saxophone and they are off again. So is your boy friend. Just a twirl, once around, and you go. You are absent just long enough to give the waiter an opportunity to remove the soup.

This sort of thing continues through the fish, entrée, and salad, and if you happen to glance at the next table you might even recognize your very oysters being put through their paces again.

Now I suppose my readers are wondering just what such a procedure profits a girl. Outside of making the drinks you've had more effective, due to your empty stomach, what have you got out of the evening but a pair of aching feet? Well, it all depends on you. Personally, food is a vulgar subject anyhow, and a girl should keep her mind on higher things, such as pearls, *par exemple.*

So on the way home you might just mention the fact that even though you did not find a pearl in your oysters, you have had a dear delightful evening with your host.

This ought to break him up, at least to the extent of a few seed pearls anyway, and my advice to you is, in these days of depression, that pearls of any price are worth something, so don't be too particular.

THIRD LECTURE--ON DINING IN

I do not want to dwell too long on the subject of dining, but as many vital things can happen while the soup is

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
RUSSELL PATTERSON

The music strikes up. When you return the oysters have vanished.

getting cold, I feel that my book would not be complete without a little advice on dining in. This is much more dangerous than dining out, but you do manage to get a square meal, and it can be managed successfully if you will remember that at least you are a lady, even though your host isn't!

The problem of dining in is usually accompanied by the acquaintance with a married man whose wife is in Florida, or, if he is rich enough, in Paris. For obvious reasons I would suggest that you select the latter ariety if you have a choice. A married man whose wife is away may not let on to you, but he doesn't want to be seen at a prominent public place with a beautiful chorus girl, and he knows that you are not the kind to go sneaking to one of the dimly lighted hide-aways. And by the same token, it's no good to you to be seen out with a married man on the loose. So if you two just have your hearts set on dining together, what else is there to do but to dine at his house?

You arrive at seven, wafting just a wisp of Chanel's Number Five behind you. A shifty-eyed Jap opens the door for you, but do not be disturbed by him. You'll have plenty of time later to worry about things. He ushers you into a dimly lighted drawing-room where an open fire gleams seductively in front of a deep lounge. Whatever you do, don't sit there! On the lounge I mean. The Jap relieves you of your wraps, and presently your host appears, and I hope for your sake he hasn't taken the liberty of wearing a lounging robe. The better type will not appear so attired, but you meet so many men it's hard to tell what to expect. Not that there is anything really wrong about a lounging robe, but it *is* informal and may make a girl feel at home too quickly.

Over the cocktails your friend spends the time telling you over and over again how good it is to have you there and how silly the conventions are anyway. You can take this opportunity to ask why, shouldn't you have come? You trust him implicitly. This will make him rather ashamed of what he is thinking.

During dinner he will get very confidential and tell you his wife doesn't understand him.

Now I think we girls should always take the woman's side, so when he tells you that she is unreasonably jealous, you can reply that it is perfectly understandable, and that if you were married to such an attractive man you would feel the same way too. Maybe this remark doesn't give the absent wife as much of a break as you bargained for, but you meant well. By the time you have finished dinner and a couple of bottles of champagne, he is convinced that you are the one woman in the world who does understand him, and while you hate to admit, even to yourself, that you do understand just what is on his mind, you ought to give him the benefit of the doubt. You may be wrong, but I don't think so.

However, as the evening wears on and it gets to be ten o'clock, you can always remember that mother is waiting up for you and you have to dash, really you do.

He will protest. He will even try to give you an argument about what is *right* and what is *wrong* after all, but you just shudder slightly and say that although you feel the same way that he does about it, you are a good girl this season, and you might add lamely that you always have been. This touches him and he winces, pours himself a good stiff drink, and with the air of an early Christian martyr—maybe a late Jewish martyr—it doesn't matter, let it go—he pulls himself, with a great heave, together.

Now is your best opportunity to thank him for a pleasant evening and hasten to join the bunch at Tony's, where they have been waiting for you.

Another sparkling lecture by Polly—on Gifts, and How to Accept Them Without Hurting the Gentleman's Feelings—will appear in next week's issue.

BY DOROTHY DAY

Destroyer

(Reading time: 24 minutes 3 seconds.)

LIEUTENANT JOEL TIERNAN, appointed gunnery officer of the U. S. Destroyer Spearman, on the Asiatic Station, joins his ship in Manila. Lieutenant Dennis Karnell, of the Spearman, on his first night in Manila gives Joel a note to Brother Cheng, Chinese philosopher and restaurant keeper.

Joel visits Brother Cheng and while there meets a girl. Between these two there is an instant attraction. The girl tells him her name is Aithra.

The next day Joel meets the officers of his new ship. They are Lieutenant Commander Leidig, the commander; Lieutenant James Horus, executive officer; Lieutenant Chenoweth, first lieutenant; Lieutenant Dorne and Ensign Starling.

That afternoon Joel Tiernan attends a tea given by Mrs. Hatfield, wife of the squadron commander, at the Manila Hotel. He meets again the girl Aithra, to find that she is the wife of his commanding officer, Captain Leidig. Aithra finds a moment to speak to him alone and makes an appointment to meet him at Malabar Beach the next day at dawn.

At this meeting Joel confesses his love for Aithra. That the girl returns his love he does not doubt, but she firmly resists all his entreaties and asserts her determination to stand by her husband. She tells Joel that Leidig is suffering from some moral illness and depends on her to keep him from going to pieces, and she warns the young officer that he too must be a friend to his commander.

A few days later the Spearman is ordered out with three other destroyers for division practice. During the maneuvers the rudder of the Spearman jams and there is instant peril of a collision with another ship. In the emergency Leidig shows his condition by complete failure to take command. A dreadful accident is averted only by Lieutenant Dennis Karnell's issuing the necessary orders when Leidig fails to do so.

PART THREE—THE OTHER WOMAN

LL engines full astern!"

Dennis's voice again. We slowed and steadied. Our port windows showed sky. Our bow pulled back from the Bradshaw's course. The Bradshaw and the Tradgett had seen our signal and heard our siren. They went reeling by with rudders over.

Our engines stopped. We sank into a trough, disgraced.

Leidig wheeled on Horus.

"God damn it," he said, "I knew that rudder would jam!"

Then, as if torn to pieces and afraid he might betray himself further, he said, "Take over," and lunged drunkenly from the bridge.

"Mr. Chenoweth and Mr. Tiernan! You will make

By

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

A Novel of a LOVE Deeper than the SEA

"You can't go back tonight, Jack dear. You're in no condition to."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

DECORATIONS BY MONTE CREWS

immediate inspection of the steering engine and rudder and report to me," Horus said.

"Aye, aye, sir."

He turned to Dennis, who stood staring moodily out to sea.

"Mr. Karnell!"

"Yes, sir?"

"You will go to your quarters."

Dennis bowed and we three left the bridge.

Chenoweth turned angrily on Dennis.

"Captain Leidig is in command of this ship, you know."

Dennis appeared sickened in body and soul.

"I'll discuss that with you later," he said.

I stopped him as he turned away.

"You saved us from a bad crash," I said. "Horus is acting like a jackass. I'll—" I began to raise my voice.

"Thanks—but keep out of it, Joel."

He tapped me with the back of his fist, grinning ruefully, and swung down the officers' ladder.

I reported to Horus as soon as I could. He ordered Chenoweth to take over as officer of the deck. The flagship had signaled that we were to follow the division back

Vol. 1 . . Every other week . . No. 2

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1-2 Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin
1-4 French Vermouth
1-4 Italian Vermouth
Juice of 1-4 Orange

Shake well with cracked ice and strain

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to anchorage. I passed on to Dennis's room.

"You shouldn't, Joel," Dennis said. "I'm in hock and it will give you a black eye with Horus if he catches you talking in here."

"Damn Horus!" I said hotly. "And damn Leidig too."

Dennis laughed.

"Stow that Irish temper or we'll both be on the warpath with shillalahs! Discipline is discipline, you know."

There was a rap at the door. Dennis opened it. He stepped back. I jumped to my feet.

It was Leidig.

"Mr. Karnell, Mr. Horus has just reported to me that he has sent you to quarters." The words were labored, wrung from him with sweat and blood. "I—uh—am countermanding his order. You will, I hope, accept my apology—and also my thanks. You acted—with commendable alertness—and courage—in an emergency. I—uh—"

"Thank you, sir!"

Leidig held out his hand, pressed Dennis's. Then he turned abruptly away and walked along the passageway back to the wardroom and his cabin. His footsteps were like an old man's.

That evening, shortly before dinner, I was in my own room. Felipe brought me a note:

Joel:

I shall be at Brother Cheng's this evening at eight o'clock. I want very much to see you. AITHRA.

Brother Cheng received me in his library. I had arrived early so I might have a talk with him before seeing Aithra. He greeted me at the threshold, saying simply, "My friend, welcome," and backed before me into the spacious room.

"I wanted to come sooner, Brother Cheng," I said, somewhat abashed. "But I've been so busy in the ship—"

"It is a little better with you," he said.

"A LITTLE—but not much. Everything you said has come true. I'm in love with Aithra."

Brother Cheng nodded.

"And also with the ship, I think."

"You don't know how difficult the situation is, Brother Cheng," I said. "Let me tell you." And in a torrent of words I told him all that had happened, day by day. Yet toward the end I felt foolish. When I finished, he asked this question:

"Do you know Captain Leidig?"

"Why—yes. I think so. I know he is—well, the center of everything. In the ship and ashore."

"The center—yes, of himself. No man can be more than that. You have conceded him too much."

"He is holding her," I said doggedly. "And he is holding all of us in the ship."

"Dennis?"

"Yes. He won Dennis back this morning."

"That is very strange."

"You should meet Leidig." I said.

"We have met."

"Oh—you know him, then."

"I know him well. You say he lost his nerve today? Yes, that was right. One with a cancer—"

"A cancer? No!"

"Of the soul, my friend. His cancer is a woman. Captain Leidig has been followed by a woman for three years. She was the wife of a brother officer—his friend. The husband discovered their affair and drove his automobile into a wall."

"Does—does Aithra know?"

"She must not be told."

"I—I wasn't going to—of course; I wouldn't. Oh, believe me, I'm not that weak."

A bell sounded toward the front of the house. Brother Cheng said, "I will call you," and left the room. It was Aithra, I knew.

BROTHER CHENG spoke from the doorway: "Come." He indicated the reception room and did not follow me.

She sprang up from a chair as I entered. She wore an evening gown and a light wrap.

"Oh, Joel! What happened in the ship this morning? Jack came home bloody with it. I couldn't force myself to question him. He went out to get drunk."

"Your hus—Captain Leidig, that is—uh—we had a bit of tough luck. Rudder jammed on a one-eight turn."

"Joel! Look at me." She took a step nearer. "I want to know what happened. All of it."

Her entire absorption in Leidig hurt, and in a sullen jealousy I struck back.

"Well, if you must know," I said, "he went to pieces on the bridge. Dennis had to save us from collision."

"No!" Her eyes filled with tears. "Oh—Jack! To lose command!" Then, to me, "That's why he went out to drink himself into a stupor. His pride couldn't bear it. Last time he was gone three days."

I was cruel. I wanted to hurt her.

"He'll need a week this time," I told her. "He was in an utter funk. Couldn't find his voice."

She recoiled as though I had slashed her with a whip. She backed toward the door. I was not strong enough to let her go. It was better to have her near, stabbing me with "Jack" and "home." I seized the fact that she had run to me for help.

"You know I'll help you," I said roughly. "What do you want me to do—find him and get him home?"

"Yes! He has a Des Rons conference with Admiral Hilary in the morning."

I picked up my hat and said, "Have you your car?"

"It's outside. Ignacio is driving."

"Where does Captain Leidig usually do his drinking?"

"I don't know—when he drinks to get drunk. Ignacio knows, but he won't tell me."

"I'll have a talk with Ignacio. He'll tell me."

She squeezed my arm as we walked along together.

"I love you, Joel."

"Yes, like a sister," I said. She did not contradict me. I looked around for Brother Cheng.

Aithra said, "He's provoked at me for meeting you here. I'll call tomorrow and make peace."

Ignacio had parked the car around the corner.

"Go home now, Missy Leidig?"

"Yes, please. But you are not to have the evening off. Lieutenant Tiernan will use the car."

"Yas, mem."

"For God's sake, Aithra," I said in the car, "why must you stand by him? He isn't worthy of it. He's—"

"Joel—listen to me. You didn't want to help him tonight, yet you are going to. And you have gained more than you realize by that generosity. You have gained and he has lost. Don't you see it?"

"He has you."

"No—not yet. Perhaps never."

We stopped and Ignacio opened the door.

She said, "You will get him home, Joel?"

"Yes. Don't worry. It may be late."

"Dear Joel."

The appearance of a Chinese servant stopped my protest.

"Good night, Mrs. Leidig," I said.

I went back to Ignacio.

"Now, Ignacio," I observed, "it is a fine evening. You could use an evening like this, eh?"

"Yas, sar!"

"Unfortunately, I have to find Captain Leidig. It's very important. We'll have to drive all around Manila until we find him. We'll search downtown first."

"Y-yas, sar."

Ignacio headed the car toward the business district. We drove for several blocks. Then Ignacio stopped.

"Captain Leidig vair' funny man, sar. Say I not tell Missy Leidig when he go along by—um-m-m-m—Three Falowers. Swear by Haysoos Cristus goddam—vair' angry. You understan', sar?"

"He's quite right. I do hope you keep your mouth shut, Ignacio? No woman should be told such things."

"Um-m-m—no, sar."

We drove to the Three Flowers.

THE tavern seemed to be patronized mostly by natives of the middle class. After a look around I was about to turn away when I heard a woman speak the name "Jack."

A couple were sitting in a booth beyond the semicircle of lights. They appeared to be quarreling. I moved closer, followed by a Malay boy who wanted me to take a table. The man in the booth turned his head and I recognized Leidig.

He confounded me by taking the initiative. He got up and started toward me. There was no escape, so I went over to him and said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but Lieutenant Horus asked me to tell you the admiral's conference has been advanced half an hour."

I saw he was quite drunk.

"Thank you, Joel. I will come at once." His voice was mellow and fluent. He turned back to the woman and said, "My dear, an important matter has arisen. I must return to the ship immediately."

"You can't go back tonight, Jack dear. You're in no condition to."

"I am the best judge of that, my dear."

"But, Jack, I haven't seen you for days and days!"

"I'm sorry. I must leave at once."

He summoned a waiter, handed him a bill, and said, "Quite all right, Tupi!" He swayed a little.

The woman said tensely: "We were going to the apartment, Jack. You don't know what you're doing. You're drunk."

"I take the liberty of disagreeing with you, my dear. Come—it is most urgent." Then, remembering, "Oh, I'm sorry, Joel. Mrs. Gorce—Lieutenant Tiernan. Joel, would you be so good as to see Mrs. Gorce home?"

Without looking at either of us he wheeled and lunged away.

"Did *she* send you here?" Mrs. Gorce asked.

FROM E. K. IOHLEC, D.D.S.
MEMO TO
MISS STANLEY
Chew Dentyne after every meal. (Unless a hard crust or a raw carrot or some other salivary stimulant is used).

I laughed

WHEN MY DENTIST TOLD ME TO CHEW GUM

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Try Dentyne today. Have your whole family adopt this delightful, easy way to mouth health.

CHEW delicious

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY KEEPS TEETH

"I am sorry, but I do not quite—"

"I mean Mrs. Leidig."

"Oh, no. He really does have a very important conference first thing in the morning."

"He wouldn't have missed it. I wasn't going to let him drink any more."

An amazing woman. She was in her early thirties, with all her comeliness below her shoulders. Her face was Grecian in contour; she had light-brown hair parted in the middle, a high-bridged hawkish nose, and wide thin lips. Her eyes said to you, "No, my face is not especially beautiful. But you should see me with my clothes off."

In the decrepit wheezy Ford which was the best taxi on duty at the Three Flowers, she said abruptly:

"How do you like Mrs. Leidig?"

"Very much."

"They all say that."

"She's very beautiful and very charming," I added.

Mrs. Gorce sighed.

"That's why Jack married her. He thinks he likes them that way. Jack kids himself a lot."

At the door of her cheap flat in San Juan Heights she said, "Thank you very much, Mr. Tiernan. Come over and have dinner with Jack and me some evening."

"Thanks," I said. "Good night." And as I left I wondered if I had not met the real Mrs. John Leidig. . . .

The day set for short-range battle practice was approaching. I had worked faithfully at gun drill, but I realized that morale among the men had slumped since the Spearman's disgrace in maneuvers. There was need for drastic action.

Calling in McDermott one morning, I said, "I'm going to shake up the gun crews. I want you to watch their work today and we'll compare notes." McDermott smiled and nodded. "They need it, sir."

Like a hard-boiled football coach, I checked each man in the morning drill. When it was over, I mustered the whole outfit on the forecastle and took McDermott aside. I read him my list of transfers and demotions.

After luncheon Horus summoned me to his room.

"Mr. Tiernan—ahem—do you think it wise to shift your men at this late date?"

"Yes, sir. They need a hard shaking up."

AS officer of the deck I met Leidig at the gangway the morning after our adventure at the Three Flowers. He was shaky but cold sober. He smiled and said, "Good morning, Joel. Hold the gig here. I'm leaving in two minutes for the flagship." His eyes ignored the Three Flowers incident.

His invitation to dinner Aithra postponed in a note to me, saying: "Jack tells me you are working night and day on preparations for the firing, so we shan't impose on you until a later date. Sincerely, AITHRA."

Despite all my efforts I sensed that something vital was lacking in the ship spirit. Discipline had tightened; but there was no élan.

"What's wrong, Mac?" I asked McDermott. "We're ready to go, and yet our hearts aren't in it."

"We-ell, sir, you know how the boys are. They think we've got a jinx. They're afraid something will happen at the last minute." He spat deliberately. "Something always has, sir."

I sought an idea diligently and humbly, and after many false starts one came. Childishly pleased, I burst in on Dennis one morning after turn-to.

"You're the personnel officer of this craft, aren't you? I want you to challenge the other ships to a whaleboat race. Unofficial, of course. And officers are to be allowed to row. This ship needs to win something. Right away! It's eight days to short-range and my bully boys have lead in their pants. You take that challenge around right now, pronto, this morning. Whaleboats at a mile. One hundred dollars and a keg of beer to the winning crew! Next Saturday afternoon."

Dennis sat up.

"How do you know what sort of crew we could muster?"

"I'll get the crew."

"That's right—you pulled an oar for Navy. You could coach 'em."

"Coach 'em and stroke."

DENNIS shook his head. "You coach. I'll row for you."

"The hell you will! I'm not quite as soft as you think. I'll pull an oar for a mile or be shoveled out."

The week that followed was one long revelation of my true self to the Joel Tiernan I had imagined. I had not touched an oar in two years.

My hands blistered in the first twenty minutes. My lungs labored after five. The sun burned through the tan of which I had been rather proud. A dull raw ache spread across my shoulders. My legs quivered disgustingly. The boat's high gunwale and stationary seats and the heavy oar punished me. I had pictured myself showing these men the Glendon sweep! They were expert oarsmen, tested in lifeboat and dinghy. Grossett, the cox'n, said, "Better take it easy, sir, the first day." In a raging self-hatred I answered, "I'll make it." I barely had strength enough to climb the ladder after practice.

The second day was sheer torture. Starling offered his cigarette case after breakfast. I took one automatically. Then I remembered. My body felt like a stiff core wrapped in myriad cords of flayed flesh. I had to lash myself through rowing practice.

Chenoweth and Starling and Horus thought I had gone "China-screwy." Only Dennis was sympathetic. He directed Felipe to bring in a late supper. He himself appeared with tape and cotton and gauze and rubbing alcohol.

On the fourth day I began to harden. I found I was able to push the stroke up to sprint beat and keep my tongue from hanging out. Grossett and the others had more faith in me. They made disparaging remarks anent the other crew. There was even talk of betting on our ship.

It has been one of my abiding disappointments that I remember so little of the race itself. I recall the line-up for the start. For the rest, it is all reduced to two motions: a reach forward, a pull back, repeated until I thought my heart must burst and I passed into a delirium with Grossett's face bobbing up and down. I fainted in melodramatic fashion and was dragged across the line by stouter arms than mine. I do recall Dennis helping to drag me into the launch and saying proudly, "You goddam fool!" I was afraid to ask if we had won.

We had, however, and by nearly two lengths.

The next day was Sunday and on Monday we were to fire our practice. Dennis shook me out of an exhausted coma at nine o'clock.

"Leidig's come aboard with the worst case of jitters ever. He's ordered all hands to stand by for gun drill. Canceled church liberty. Wants to see you right away."

"That's nonsense! We're all set."

"The same old story. He's lost his nerve. He'll make you drill until you drop. We'll have to reinspect every gadget in the system."

"I'll have something to say about that," I told Dennis. "He's not going to repeat the uproar that ruined the last firing."

"Steady, Joel. He's your skipper."

I shook my head doggedly. Bracing myself, I marched to Leidig's cabin.

"Now, then, Joel! Understand you won us a boat race yesterday."

"The boys pulled me over the line, sir."

LEIDIG, holding a typewritten sheet, puffed at a cigarette.

"Good stuff! Builds morale." He noted my burnt face and blistered hands. "Leaves you pretty fagged for tomorrow, doesn't it?"

"No, sir. I feel very fit."

"Joel—er—Captain Hatfield will be with us tomorrow. Des Rons is sending a staff man as safety observer."

"We're ready, sir."

My confidence made him hesitate. Then he thrust the paper at me.

"I've already checked everything on this list, sir. And the men should have a day of rest," I told him.

"Sorry, Joel. We differ. This firing is altogether too important to take any chances at the last minute."

"We're not taking any chances, sir. We're on our toes, ready to go."

"I don't agree with you. That's all."

"I'm sorry, sir; but I—"

"Come over to the house about tea time and we'll give the OGE a final reading."

He turned away to his desk, a gesture of dismissal. I heard my voice blurting:

"I can't do it, sir! We're all set and I can't tear everything to pieces again. Pearson did that and ruined everything. It's wrong. It's fatal!"

Leidig jerked around, his face choleric.

"Now, Joel, you're not yourself today. Run along."

I let go:

"You're not *yourself*. You haven't been for months. That's what has kept this ship in such a mess. We're all trying to make a taut ship of it again. We can do it if you'll—just—leave us alone!"

"You know what it means to disobey orders, Joel?"

"Yes."

"I shall have to put you under arrest."

"No. I'll resign."

I opened the door.

"Oh, for Christ's sake, Joel—"

His suffering gasp unmanned me. I lunged into the wardroom and along the passageway to my room. I wrote out my resignation, sealed it in an envelope, and rang for Arturo, the room boy.

"Take this to Captain Leidig. Pronto!"

"Yas, sar."

The first realization of what I had done was beginning to clarify in my mind when Arturo returned.

"Cap'n say give you this, sar."

I clumsily opened the envelope. There lay my resignation, torn once across. I sat down on my bunk and stared at it.

What did this mean? Had I won? Had Leidig weakened? He had held my naval career in his hands.

Dennis came in. "Well?"

I told him what had happened. He listened with a sober face.

"I'm going to spot for you tomorrow," Dennis said. "Jorgenson tells me Starling got excited last time and was worse than useless."

Would tomorrow be my day or Leidig's?

OUR ship steamed across a placid sea. I peered through my binoculars at moving oblongs of canvas on a raft two thousand yards off our port bow.

I looked around to see the guns. Gray, slender, crouching, number two and number four pointed at the target.

I waved to Dennis, who swayed in the crow's nest overhead. I nodded to my "talker" and he clamped his head phones into place.

"Guns two and four will fire on this run. Gun two will fire at target two. Four shots. Then shift pointers. Second set of pointers fire four shots."

A red flag—"Baker"—flapped at the dip.

"Range one-seven-five-oh. Scale four-seven."

"Set two!"

"Set four!"

Below, on the bridge, Captain Leidig swung ship a bit to starboard.

"Stand by!"

"Stand by!"

Ah, yes; stand by! I must have one more E gun. Numbers one and three already had fired. Three was an E gun.

"Commence firing!"

The ship's whistle rumbled. "Baker" was two-blocked.

"Load!"

"Ready, one!"

I squeezed the buzzer and firing key on the director-scope. The crack o' doom sounded through the cotton in my ears. The ship heeled drunkenly. A ring of whitish smoke whirled aft.

I kept my eyes on the target. Seven jagged holes rewarded me.

"Gun two cease firing," I ordered.

"Gun two eight shots. All ammunition expended. No casualties."

"Aye, aye, gun two. Stand by, gun four."

Lieutenant Green, gunnery officer of the flag, who was acting as observer, nodded encouragingly. One last chance at another E.

"Range one-six-one-oh. Scale four-nine."

"Set four."

"Commence firing!"

"Load."

"Ready, one!"

I unleashed the thunder.

"No change!" Dennis yelled.

We were on with the first shot. Blam, blam, blam! A slight change in deflection. Now—

Four times more the Spearman gave its dreadful bark.

"Gun four cease firing!"

"Gun four eight shots. All ammunition expended. No casualties."

"Well done, gun crews. Thank you!"

I felt my hand grasped warmly. "Nice work, Tiernan!" It was Green. I thanked him.

"Great going, Joel. Best record in the division!"

Dennis pounded me on the back.

I turned toward the ladder. Leidig and Captain Hatfield awaited me on the bridge.

"Damn' fine work, young feller," Captain Hatfield boomed. "Jack and you have made this a ship!"

"Thank you, sir."

Leidig's voice sounded startlingly boyish.

"Two E guns and the others almost, Joel. I don't have to tell you what that means to me. Shake!"

We shook hands. Captain Hatfield, enormously pleased that his friend's ship had redeemed a bad record, burbled, "Yes, sirree! They can't keep a good man down, can they, Jack?" He flung an arm about Leidig's shoulder.

"You're—you're too damned good to me, Charley!"

My men were waiting. I saluted Leidig and Hatfield and they nodded genially.

Leidig swaggered cockily at Hatfield's side as they returned to the bridge. He looked years younger.

Starling paused with his signal book long enough to say, "Fine shooting, sir." I thanked him and descended to the well deck.

There Chenoweth halted me, his face radiant. "The skipper's been raving about you to Hatfield all afternoon," he said. "A two weeks' leave is yours for the asking."

"Thanks, Mort," I said. "The whole gang did the job."

Let Leidig take comfort and courage and praise from this day. He had lost and I had won. It was my day. I would see Aithra tonight!

Would Joel have been so triumphant at the thought of meeting Aithra that night if he could have visioned the startling surprise that fate held in store for his beloved and himself? Had Leidig really achieved control of his mind and soul again? Next week's installment of this poignant novel contains one of the biggest dramatic moments in the whole story.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 39

1—Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

2—*Quod erat demonstrandum*, Latin for "Which was to be proved."

3—The American writer, Winston Churchill.

4—Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

5—E. W. Hornung.

6—Yellowstone, established in 1872.

7—The sequoia trees in California.

8—Mount McKinley, in Alaska.

9—William T. Sherman.

10—The Alps.

11—Cyrus W. Field.

12—A sailing vessel or one of its crew.

13—Kensington Gardens, London, England.

14—Gaelic.

15—A wandering Arab.

16—Biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

17—A Scotch village, just over the border from England, where runaway couples could get married.

18—English actor, poet, and dramatist.

19—Bailiff, steward, or major-domo.

20—John Galsworthy.

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1 tablespoon water

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NRA

TO THE LADIES!

(Reading time: 4 min. 20 sec.)

By
PRINCESS
ALEXANDRA
KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

THE real Trader Horn of Hollywood is Arthur W. Kelly. He promotes celluloid drama in distant lands—among the natives of Europe, Asia, Africa. A vice president of United Artists, Mr. Kelly travels the whole wide world as Director General of Foreign Affairs—and he bears up manfully under that staggering title.

He told me the darnedest things! For example:

Russia hasn't seen that Henry VIII picture because the Soviet government wouldn't buy it unless they could swap caviar, hides, or vodka for it instead of cash. They offer Charlie Chaplin a choice of diamonds or vodka for his films, but Charlie won't trade on the barter basis. Out in India the rich Parsee women are the great movie fans. They go to the pictures all dressed up in semi-Paris gowns—but they have their high-heeled Paris shoes incrusted with precious stones cut away to show off their rouged bare toes.

More and more, says Arthur Kelly, are the European capitals making each foreign-movie première a diplomatic event. When a new English picture opens in Paris the British ambassador holds a reception in full regalia, with enough red tape to strangle a unicorn. American diplomats abroad are keeping in step with this trend. An ambassadorial welcome was staged in Paris for the advent there of Eddie Cantor's Roman Scandals.

So Mr. Kelly's impressive title, you see, is right in line.

● **A father of four offspring declared to me that he** considered it his duty to be present at the birth of every one of them. Since the responsibility was his as much as his wife's, he felt himself morally obliged, he says, to stay by her side through the ordeal of childbirth. He thinks every husband should do the same.

How men in general would react to this idea I do not know, and I don't know how it would be received by most women. Pretty unfavorably, I think.

I knew one young husband who found himself present—entirely by accident—at such a scene.

The baby arrived way ahead of time. And I know how careful that husband was to avoid repetition of the experience. He put his wife in a hospital weeks before the second infant was born.

Arthur W. Kelly

● **A woman and a man now well along in middle age** have just surprised their friends—and themselves—by getting engaged. Years ago they were engaged, broke their engagement, married elsewhere. Now she is a widow and he a bachelor of divorce. Some of their friends have asked them if the reunion is the result of old romance revived—if they are sweethearts who never could forget. They say no. Their explanation is this. She says:

"My reason is purely selfish. For years I adapted myself to my husband and family. I don't regret it, but it made me a different person than I was as a girl. The man I am marrying now was my girlhood beau. With him perhaps I can be *myself* again."

And he says:

"When you get old you get sentimental. You get to be a sentimental old fool. That's what I am, and I'm glad of it. It's not as satisfactory as being a young fool, but it's the next best thing. I want to live with some one who remembers the folks I knew and the things I did when I was a young un with even less sense than I've got now."

● **A reader asks how bananas** rate with the dietitians—says her little girl has a big appetite for bananas. I'm no dietitian, but I have had the banana habit all my life. I eat them four times a week at least. From a children's clinic I learn that they are recommended food, especially mashed bananas. They must, however, always be thoroughly ripe.

Cooked bananas are also recommended. Children love them baked whole in their skins.

● **Some world-wise people** were talking about a famous man who has slipped out of popularity.

"He has forgotten how to listen," was the verdict.

It seems to me that every one can take a tip from this. Of all social graces, the art of listening is probably the most profitable, and it is one of the least used. Learning how to listen while another talks is not as easy as you may believe. A really expert listener is not one of the too eager, the *go-on-tell-more* variety, and an expert listener is certainly not a *yesser*. Too often we confuse the art of listening with the craft of *yessing*.

A good listener is a quiet, casual listener, one who shows unobtrusively that his mind is alert, appreciative, understanding.

The art requires practice. It's worth it.

● **They All Sang is a fascinating book on** old popular songs. Edward B. Marks wrote it with Abbott J. Liebling. (Published by the Viking Press.)

● **Chiffon inserts are being used attractively by** Patou of Paris.

For example, a black crêpe gown with tricky stripes of fine chiffon about an inch and a half wide, alternating with three-inch stripes of crêpe.

The stripes go *round* you from bust to hip in the new manner.

A pink satin slip worn underneath glimmers through the chiffon. Smart!

VOX

TEN YEARS AGO, COME NEXT MOTHER'S DAY, AND WILLIE'S WEARING LONG PANTS NOW

EPHRATA, PA.—*A* says your magazine was published at least ten years ago. *B* says it was published only six years ago. Who is right?

I have been reading your magazine since the days of White Pants Willie.—*Ivan Wolfe.*

HE FLIES ON THE WINGS OF TRUTH

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—We commend Al Williams for exposing all the flying bunk publicized through the medium of moving pictures and fiction-story magazines.—*Joseph Levine, Secretary, Flying Yankees' Aëronautical Organization.*

NOT TO MENTION 1776 AND 1812

COVINGTON, OHIO—In your Vox Pop of January 20 Mr. Robert S. Huttenlock makes this statement:

" But we do not yet know the horrors of strife within our own borders."

Where does Mr. Huttenlock think the residents of the United States were vacationing during the Civil War?—*G. S.*

MISS ST. JOHNS RECEIVES HER BLESSINGS NOW, WHILE WE—

ANAHEIM, CALIF.—Let me congratulate the Liberty editors for publishing that worth-while story of Ruth Chatterton's life. And may Adela Rogers St. Johns ever be blessed for the way in which she handled the story about one of our most admired actresses today.

Many young women all over the country will read that article; they will be drawn by its title and anxious to learn the siren's secrets. And the reading will do them more good than any well meant and serious lecture on morals. Perhaps they will decide that it is really worth while to be a lady.—*E. L. Marsh.*

—WILL BE BLESSED IF, AS, AND WHEN

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—I am sold one hundred per cent on Liberty, but the story about Ruth Chatterton by Adela Rogers St. Johns is the limit. If the half of it is the truth the lady in question belongs in heaven, not on this mundane sphere. The same applies to the two distinguished gentlemen, the past and present husbands.

Please cut such rot and receive the everlasting blessing of—*J. W. Elliott, Great Smoky Mountains Travel Bureau.*

DOES HONESTY PAY?

WAYNE, MICH.—In his Vox Pop letter of February 3, Mr. John A. Jennings asks if he should teach his children the guile and subterfuge which so often seems to walk with success, or instruct them in the staid old virtues of unselfishness, honesty, loyalty, and sincerity.

It does seem that we are often exploited for our artlessness. When we recall how assiduously we were taught to glorify the labor that now seems to have been so futile, to be proud of our subserviency and patience in suffering, to boast virtuously of our burdens, to plod silently upon the treadmill of our routine lives; when we find that fairness to others has brought only trouble to ourselves, that treachery was returned for trust and trickery for kindness; and when we see these sophisticated impostors trample over us, steel-shod, with seeming impunity—we surely cannot be blamed too much for our apostasy.

But we forget the wisdom of the ages which discovered the rationality and necessity for virtue in human contacts. We forget our heritage of a billion lives of modest plodding labor.

And in the history of human experience, hasn't it always been so? Each great contribution to the happiness and well-being of mankind resulted from the work of these substantial saints who did unpretentious jobs well; each great age of human contentment and achievement was heralded by a revival of those homely old virtues.

When America emerges from this dark valley of shadows, when she comes refulgent and rehabilitated into her own again, you will find directing, guiding, and protecting her, those children who learned well their lessons in unselfishness, honesty, loyalty, and sincerity.—*George M. Barrett.*

FOUR ★ ★ ★ ★ LETTER

PROTECT THE SMALL OWNER AND SAVE OUR COUNTRY

OMAHA, NEB.—Living as I do in the center of the farm-strike area, I have begun to have some fears as to the future of our country. Being a worker, I am perhaps closer to the laboring and agricultural classes than the investigator and social worker. In homes, in church, at work, and in the social gatherings I see my class without the mask. I see them in the raw. And what I see does not tend to quiet my fears.

The stability of our government rests and has always rested on the large number of small owners. The man who owns his own home or a substantial equity, the man whose savings are in what at one time was considered a good bond, the man with a good life-insurance policy or with a few hundreds in a savings department—these are the small owners. These small owners added to farmer owners have counterbalanced any tendency toward radicalism. One with small holdings, often the work of a lifetime, does not readily lean toward any idea that may jeopardize these holdings.

But let these small owners lose all and they are ready for anything. The more true of the laborer who has saved, painfully, a dollar at a time. Let him see the work of a lifetime fade and he becomes Red. He has nothing to lose, and he may gain. Often he loses all reason and sees nothing but vengeance. As long as he has his small holdings he will see that radicalism does not become a power in his unions and granges. But in the last four years the number of small owners have become less, till we are close to the danger point.

American labor, taken as a class, has asked nothing unreasonable. His home, or other little savings above a living, has been the only demand, and he has been willing to go without many things to save. His share of the combined fruits of labor and capital has not been great, as can be seen in the large fortunes made in the last half century.

But now labor is making another demand, and whether it be reasonable or not depends on the point of view. Labor is now asking that steps be taken to prevent the loss of his life's work on account of the periodical " panics " and " depressions."

Propaganda among labor and agricultural organizations will not avert the Red menace. We will have to go deeper than that. Class legislation it may be, but the small owner must be protected. He is the buffer between two extremes and it is a class legislation of which none will complain. Give us the small owner in large numbers and we can throw our doors open to any propaganda and rest assured that the little fellow will protect us, capital and labor.—*R. A. Clevenger.*

Mr. Clevenger gets $25 for the above. Liberty will pay $25 for every communication which the editors think sufficiently outstanding to be published as a Four-Star Letter. We don't guarantee to print one every week; but when we get them we'll publish and pay for them.

★ ★ ★ ★

BEAUTY ALWAYS STARTS SOMETHING

MANHATTAN BEACH, CALIF. — Is beauty laid on, or in? I suspect this quote and question will start something: " Yet it would have needed but a few deft touches of make-up, a change of clothes, a finger wave to have made her beautiful." (Erle Stanley Gardner, The Case of the Howling Dog.)

Is beauty in a woman a good paint job, or loveliness and goodness of being?

I take mine straight.—*C. B. L.*

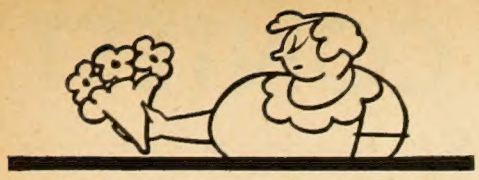
A LAUGH FROM A "SHELTERED" TEACHER

CLIFF, N. M.—Your editorial of January 6, Freedom of the Press Threatened, in which you speak of the sheltered teacher, makes me laugh.

There is not another profession quite so publicly criticized as the teaching profession. A teacher can't even call his soul his own. Any one who thinks a teacher can do as he pleases in a schoolroom should have his head examined.—*A Teacher.*

THAT NO DOUBT WAS THE WEEK YOU WERE PLAYING SANTA CLAUS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—What the devil happened to Ursula Parrott's story Forever, Perhaps! that started in your December 2 issue and then just died? Is it a gag? She may have called it Forever, Perhaps!—but I'm damned if it ran more than two weeks.—*Patience.*



POP

KATIE'S "ETHEREAL INHIBITION"

WEST ORANGE, N. J.—In answer to Mrs. Nickerson N. Nickerson's letter in your issue of February 17 regarding Miss Katharine Hepburn's aversion to kissing, I suggest that possibly Miss Hepburn doesn't go in for "scraggy necking."

Certainly Miss Hepburn's acting is altogether too human to suppose that her aversion is due to any ethereal inhibition.—*Charles F. Mahoney.*

FROM NORTH OF THE LINE

BEAUHARNOIS, QUE.—I would like to thank Liberty for the deference it pays to Canada and her people; we Canadians appreciate it very much.—*Mary E. Dibblee.*

NO BUGLERS, NO DRILLS, NO SALUTES

SMOKEMONT, N. C.—I am in the regular army and at present attached to the Civilian Conservation Corps as supply sergeant.

I want to make a few comments on the letter you printed from a disgruntled CCC enrollee. The young lad in question has different ideas on discipline and the rudiments of good health than the United States Army. Much to his sorrow and regret, I'm inclined to believe that the CCC members will have to look to the army for orders and discipline for the duration of this project for the unemployed.

I have been on special duty at three different camps, and as for the military aspect in connection with the CCC, I have yet to become acquainted with it. There are no buglers, no drills, no salutes—nothing but an orderly routine which is vitally necessary in a group where two hundred young boys are placed together for six months or longer.

The camp area has to be policed daily. Barracks are inspected each morning for a check on sanitary conditions. Beds are required to be made up neatly. Noise has to be held down to a minimum during eating hours, and lights go out every night at nine thirty and quietness must prevail after that time.

The above discipline is necessary, but it has not the earmarks of military subjugation.—*John A. Yates, Jr.*

[Other letters in answer to the disgruntled CCC from Bellows Falls, Vt., came from: John Enright, New York, N. Y.; J. T. Hinton, Cottage Hill, Fla.; James Kellar, Steubenville, Ohio; Mrs. Louis Cejka, Buena Vista, Colo.; Sgt. John H. Simpson, Foxboro, Mass.; Horace N. Elkins, Jr., Fort Benning, Ga.; Ray Miller, Lewisburg, Tenn.; A. V. M. I. Cadet, Lexington, Va.; Two Enlisted Men, Fort Hayes, Ohio; Soldier, Monterey, Calif.; Regular, U. S. A., Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala., and Tony Wicks, Henryville, Ind.]

WHERE ARE YOU, TRACY RICHARDSON?

MOOSE JAW, SASK.—In your story The Fighting Jew, by Tex O'Reilly, was mentioned one Tracy Richardson, who served overseas in the Princess Patricia C. L. I. As I was on the machine gun with Tracy Richardson, I would like to get his address and write to him, as I haven't seen or heard of him from the time I left France.—*James McAllister.*

REUNION IN K. C.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—I desire to express my thanks to Liberty for publishing my letter in your issue of January 13, and principally for the fact that it was the means of meeting two old comrades who served with me in the Philippines and China and whom I had not seen since December, 1902. We staged a small-sized reunion, and are indeed grateful to Liberty.—*E. S. (Baldy) Davis.*

IS THE ASTOR-CAPTAIN KIDD STORY A HOAX?

IN Liberty last week that remarkable story, Did Astor Find Captain Kidd's Riches? was brought to its conclusion. The story's burden was a claim, ascribed to the great landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted, that the Astor fortune had been founded upon proceeds of the pirate treasure of Captain Kidd, buried on an island off Maine that belonged to an ancestor of Olmsted. The landscape architect, with Senator Evarts as his attorney, was represented as having called, in the 1890s, upon the John Jacob Astor of that time, and having submitted a most impressive chain of evidence in support of his claim. Olmsted started suit against the Astor estate, but as the suit never came to trial it was surmised to have been quietly settled.

Since this story's first installment appeared Liberty has received some letters pronouncing it a hoax; and one letter writer inclosed a copy of a purported signed statement by Frederick Law Olmsted himself to that effect, ascribing as the original author Franklin H. Head. The basis of the story as told in Liberty was, in part, a booklet by Head entitled A Notable Lawsuit, a copy of which is preserved in the Library of Congress.

On the other hand, a member of Liberty's staff, who is the grandson of a lawyer who was connected with Senator Evart's famous law firm at the time when the Olmsted suit would have been filed, said on reading in manuscript the story which Liberty has published: "My grandfather never told what the exact outcome of the suit was. My understanding was that every one concerned was sworn to secrecy." He now adds: "I remember hearing it discussed, and being told by my father that my grandfather would not tell even him anything about it. I know my father, who was a lawyer, never suggested that there was any question about the actuality of the suit, and that my grandfather, a lifelong friend and associate of Joe Choate, never had any such idea."

So there you have opinions pro and con. Liberty is conducting a further investigation into the facts.

ARE THE NEW YORKERS GOING TO TAKE THIS ON THE CHIN?

KANSAS CITY, MO.—I wonder if you smug self-satisfied New Yorkers learned anything from your recent taxi strike? You should have learned that there are at least four times as many taxis as are necessary. All they do is clutter up the streets, creating traffic jams, and result in nothing but economic loss.

I was there, and I never saw any inconvenience to speak of because there were no cabs available during the strike. Throw 75 per cent of your cabs off the streets and you still would have all that are necessary to get everybody about.

Another thing: Your traffic lights are the greatest abomination in the world. Go out to Chicago, or come out to Kansas City, and see how the lights are staggered so that traffic actually moves instead of crawls and jams up. But again, the New York weisenheimers think they know it all and wouldn't learn from anybody more progressive. —*Casey from K. C.*

CHESS FANS—ATTENTION!

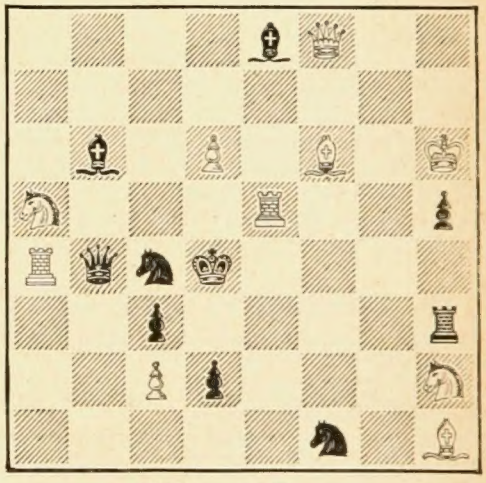
ONEONTA, N. Y.—The members of the Oneonta Chess Club are heartily in favor of Liberty installing a chess problem, as suggested by H. C. Bailey, U. S. N. (Vox Pop, January 13).

The game has long needed just such a sponsor as your popular and widely read weekly. It would create new interest in this greatest of mental diversions. —*C. H. Hays, President, the Oneonta Chess Club, Y. M. C. A.*

PROBLEM NO. 1
QUICKSANDS

By A. F. MACKENZIE

Black—10 Pieces



White—10 Pieces

White to play and mate in two.

The title Quicksands is in this case singularly appropriate.

After White's first or key move there are no less than seven main defenses at the disposal of Black.

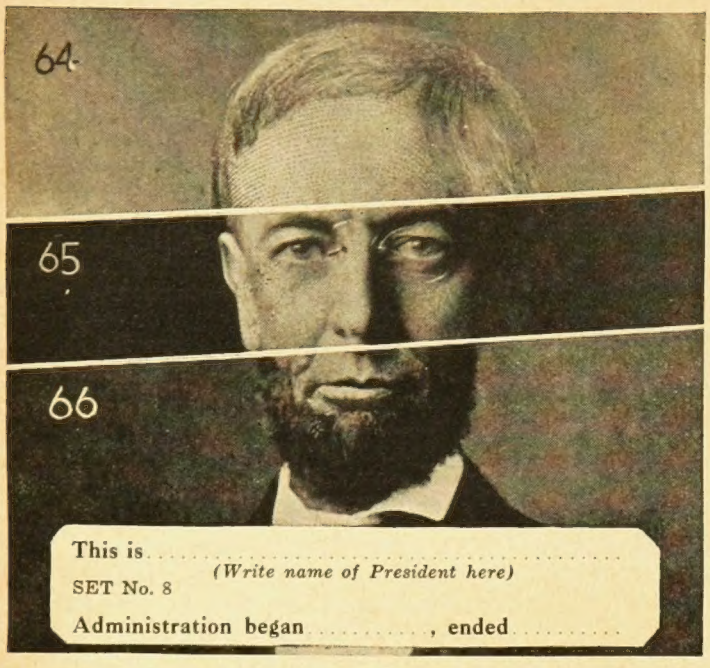
[Horace R. Bigelow has been a competitor in three international tournaments and is former champion of the strongest chess club in the United States. He has written extensively on chess for many years.

The chess problem offered here is a first-prize winner which was composed by one of the finest chess composers of all time, the late Arthur Ford Mackenzie. He was totally blind when he composed it.

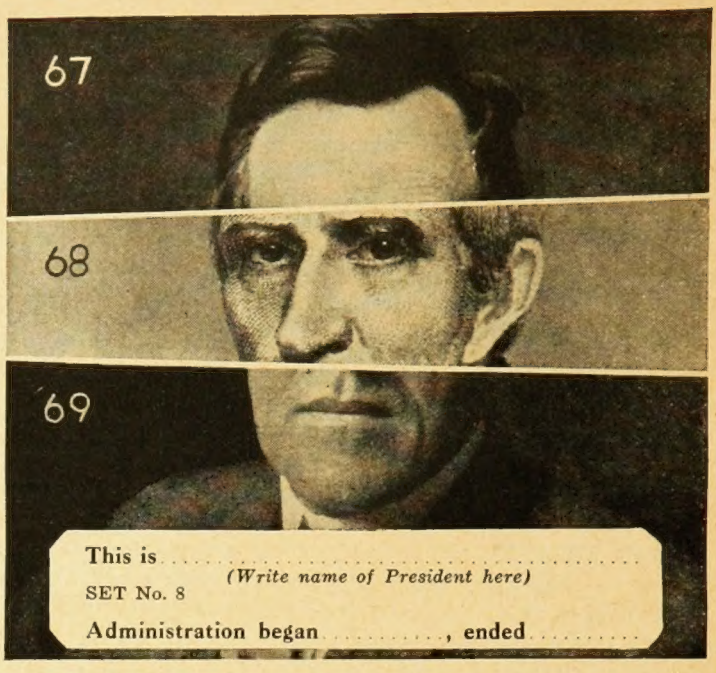
The solutions and comments will be judged by Mr. Bigelow and should be directed to him in care of Vox Pop. Of these the most outstanding will be mentioned in a future issue.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

$2,500 PRESIDENTS CONTEST

THIS WEEK, SET NO. 8



THE FOREHEAD *is of the ward of a Revolutionary financial power; the eyes and nose are of a native Virginian; the mouth and chin are of an Illinois storekeeper.*



THE FOREHEAD *is of a native of Kentucky; the eyes and nose are of a medical student; the mouth and chin are of a Princeton graduate.*

WHEN you reassemble and identify the three pictures in this week's set of composites you will have finished 80 per cent of the contest game. Only two more weeks—six more pictures to reconstruct and identify--before the judges begin their important task. Will your name appear in the list of winners they announce? If you complete your entry and file it according to the rules, your chance to land one of the prizes is equal to that of any other entrant. Of course if you fail to enter you cancel your own opportunity.

Keep in mind the fact that an ornate presentation is not desired. Concentrate on accuracy and neatness. Ornamentation will neither cover up mistakes in assembling the pictures nor excuse incorrect identifications. No entries will be returned, which is another reason you should not expend time or money on decoration. Experience in past contests indicates that the $500 First Prize is more apt to be won by a simple entry. Be guided accordingly.

PRESIDENTS CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures of former Presidents of the United States.

2. Each set of pictures when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of former Presidents. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $2,500 in cash prizes according to the schedule on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Thirty pictures will be published in all, one for each former President. Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture is not included in this contest, only former Presidents being used.

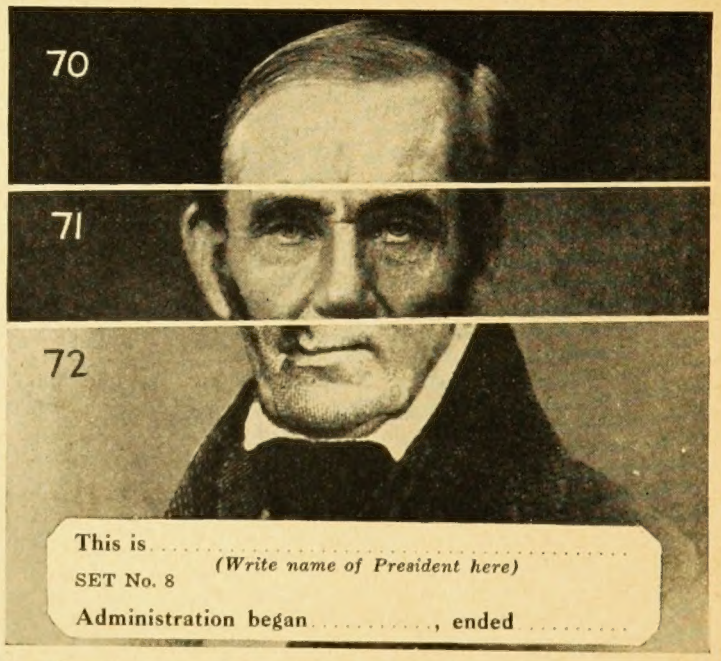
5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the President and the first and last years of his administration.

6. Mail your entry by first-class mail to PRESIDENTS CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.

9. All entries must be received on or before Monday, April 23, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.



THE FOREHEAD *is of an Atlanta lawyer; the eyes and nose are of an officer in the Black Hawk Indian War; the mouth and chin are of one who did not complete his full term of office.*

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
70 PRIZES, each $10	700
200 PRIZES, each $5	$1,000
273 PRIZES—TOTAL	$2,500

THIS IS THE EIGHTH SET OF THE SERIES. THE NINTH WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

"CANADIAN CLUB"

"CANADIAN CLUB," happily, is one of those few products known the world over for consistent, unvarying excellence. When Hiram Walker, in 1858, founded this now vast business, he laid down hard-and-fast principles of quality and purity. Those principles have not been changed in 75 years. They are practiced faithfully today, in every process of distilling and leisurely mellowing "Canadian Club" — whose age is attested by the government's official stamp which seals the bottle. Those same principles are your assurance that any product bearing the name of Hiram Walker & Sons measures up to the high standards so evident in "Canadian Club."

Hiram Walker & Sons

WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO ✦ ✦ PEORIA, ILLINOIS

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